Jan. 8, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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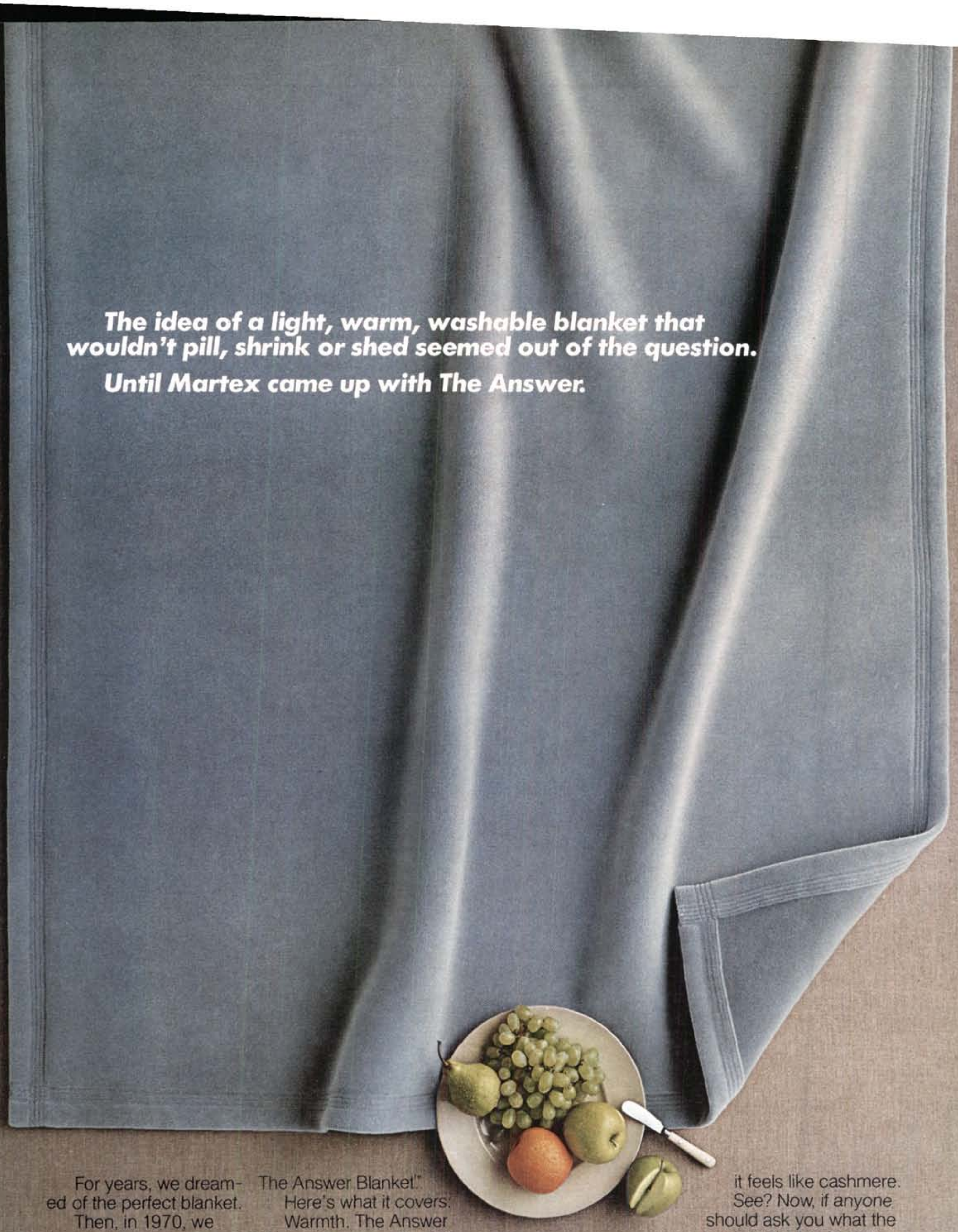
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BONWIT TELLER

NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO OAKBROOK BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—Brave Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia give more to their roles as middle-aged lovers than the roles contain. A musical with little music and an oafish book. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beethoven/Karl—A play by David Rush. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Colonnades Theatre Lab—Two plays in repertory. **the ballroom in st. patrick's cathedral:** A loosely knit episodic, but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a fine performance as the child's father. Wednesday, Jan. 3; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6-7; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12. (12/11/78).... **molière in spite of himself:** Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 4-5; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 9-10; and Saturday, Jan. 13. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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The Diary of Anne Frank—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson and their two daughters, Roberta (who will have the title role) and Katherine, in a limited engagement of this revival of the Frances Goodrich-Albert Hackett dramatization. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of William Gibson's **the miracle worker** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 21. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Magic—A play by Eduardo de Filippo, translated by Carlo Ardito. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

The Grand Tour—Joel Grey heads the cast of a musical by Jerry Herman (who wrote the music and lyrics) and Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble (who wrote the book, based on S. N. Behrman's 1944 adaptation of Franz Werfel's play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel"). Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 11. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but

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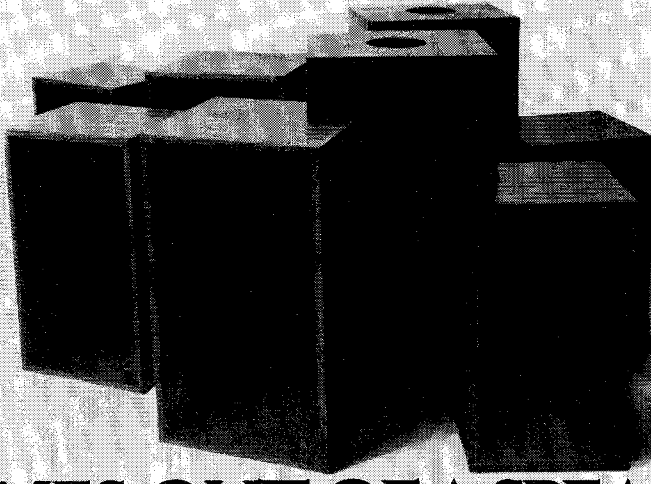

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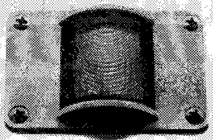
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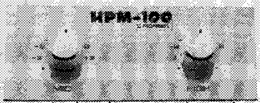

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married—a sort of "Gin Game" in reverse. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Man and Superman—Shaw was enchanted with the fireworks that his mind was constantly setting off, and here these fireworks are at their best. George Grizzard is at the head of a superb cast, well directed by Stephen Porter. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

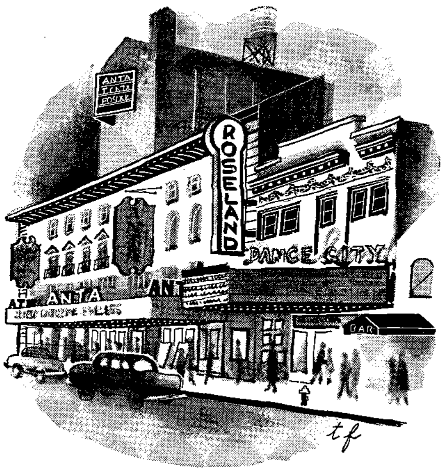
Monteith and Rand—Improvisational sketches by John Monteith and Suzanne Rand. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **THE DAUGHTERS OF THE MOCK**, a hollow gothic drama about voodoo in Louisiana, as practiced by a malignant old woman and her daughter and granddaughters. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.... **PLAYS FROM AFRICA**, by Obotunde Ijimere, opens Wednesday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 21. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Taxi Tales—Five plays by Leonard Melfi. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trouble in Mind—Alice Childress's play will be the fourth in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. Opens Thursday, Jan. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.)... **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,768 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

IceDancing—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (12/18/78, under "Dancing") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 14.)

London Savoyards—Final performances of the engagement. The first half of each program is made up of highlights from eight Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; the second half is a condensed version of one of them—on Wednesday, Jan. 3, "H.M.S. Pinafore" and on Thursday, Jan. 4, "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Evenings at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Square Dance" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Bournonville Divertissements."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Interplay," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Raymonda Variations." ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 7, at 1: "Raymonda Variations," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 7, at 7: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Interplay," "Tzigane," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Prodigal Son," "Tzigane," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Prodigal Son," "Tzigane," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and

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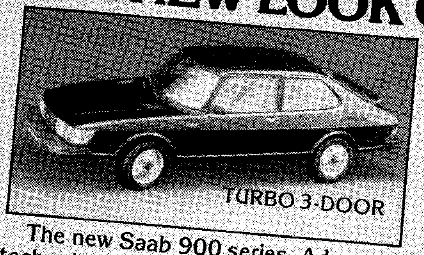

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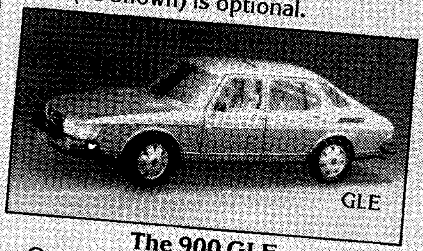

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THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE CARS

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night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. **Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre,** an exciting out-there tenor saxophonist, heads up his quintet through Saturday, Jan. 6; on Tuesday, Jan. 9, pianist **Mal Waldron** will come in with a trio. Mondays belong to pianist **Jaki Byard** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **Dardanelle,** who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. **Julie Kurnitz,** a statuesque Carol Burnett, parodies everything from women concerned with Halston labels to Jacques Brel cabaret tunes to Queen Elizabeth II, and she is so good at it all that one wonders why she isn't famous. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. The current attraction is saxophonist **Sonny Stitt,** who is leading a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Stitt has been playing for over thirty years and is one of the most frequently recorded jazz musicians, but seeing him perform live can still be rewarding. From nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: The **Kris Kristofferson** entourage—his wife, **Rita Coolidge;** his former sideman, **Billy Swan;** and his country-rock band—will dominate the stage Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 4-7; and on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 8-9, tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** will lead his quartet. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **Tommy Flanagan,** one of the best bebop pianists, sidemen, and composers, works here with a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 6; on Monday, Jan. 8, pianist **John Bunch** will take charge of the keyboard. Sundays are claimed by pianist **Jimmy Rowles.** Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—An elegant, narrow, rectangular room painted a deep, dusty sienna. There is a dining room in the back, a bar in the front, and **Bucky Pizzarelli,** an elegant, seven-string-guitar genius, and his trio sharing the middle with what is perhaps the smallest dance floor in captivity. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **George Shearing** has moved into the Café Carlyle with bassist **Brian Torff** to fill in while Bobby Short is on a two-month leave of absence. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **Barbara Carroll** works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **Ellis Larkins,** in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **Alberta Hunter,** who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter, who still writes blues songs, recently wrote the score for a Robert Altman movie. Sundays and Mondays, **Rose Murphy** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music. **Warren Vaché,** a young tradition-minded trumpeter, leads a trio during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon,** the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights; on Sunday, Jan. 7, tenor saxophonist **Scott Hamilton** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **Joe Puma** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **Hod O'Brien** and bassist **Frank Luther,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman will show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Jan. 7. Mondays, from ten to three, **Al Haig, Morris Edwards,** and **Al Gafa** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**Jimmy Ponder,** a thoughtful young jazz guitarist who grew up on rhythm-and-blues, leads a trio through Saturday, Jan. 6; on Monday, Jan. 8, guitarist **Jim Hall** and trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer,** who played in a wonderfully offbeat, energetic, lilting trio—the third member was Jimmy Giuffre—nearly twenty years ago, will begin a two-week reunion. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

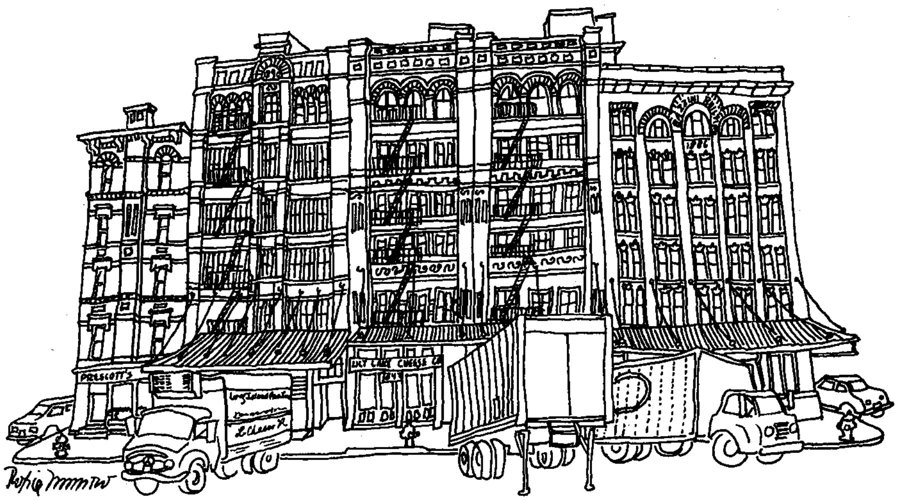
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another sleek, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. Pianist **Marty Napoleon** leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jazzmania, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this carpeted jazz loft. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz hangout and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **Billy Taylor** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which resembles an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and his bassist, **Victor Gaskin,** perform through Saturday, Jan. 6; then they'll be away for two weeks. While they're gone, solo pianist **Adam Makowicz** will take over, beginning on Tuesday, Jan. 9. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue hangout attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. The current schedule includes veteran sixties folkie Richie Havens, who will be present on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 3-4. On Sunday, Jan. 7,



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Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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folkie-humorist Kinky Friedman will perform; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11, Eric Andersen, another sixties folkie, will drop by. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Dancing in the Dark," a tribute to Arthur Schwartz, with John Cunningham, Allyn Ann McLerie, Merilee Magnuson, and Donn Simone, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is in charge of a quintet that plays the music of Fats Waller Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. On Monday, Jan. 8, Grover, Margaret & Za Zu Zaz, which is the name of a young quartet that plays jump (rhythm-and-blues) music, will be onstage; on Thursday, Jan. 11, poet and country singer Rod McKuen will begin a six-night engagement. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks. Closed Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 3-7.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Various young singers perform here nightly at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars—their latest album is entitled "Heavy Metal Be-Bop"—own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Saxophonist Eddie Daniels heads a quartet on Wednesday, Jan. 3; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 4-7, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD,** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will perform; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 9-10, guitarist Baird Hersey will lead his group; and on Thursday, Jan. 11, singer **SHEILA JORDAN** will arrive for a four-night visit. Pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** shows up with his twelve-piece band on Sundays. Music weeknights from ten to two and Sundays from four to nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. **AL HIBBLER** is singing here Thursdays through Saturdays from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JUNIOR MANCE,** a bluesy pianist, works with a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 6; on Tuesday, Jan. 9, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** will bring in a quintet. Sundays are reserved for drummer **PETE LA ROCA'S** sextet, and Mondays for tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK'S** quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians and listeners. On Thursday, Jan. 4, saxophonist Rene McLean will head up a quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will bring in his sextet, which includes **WARREN SMITH** on percussion and **MASUO** on guitar. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, drummer **ART BLAKEY** is here with his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, from nine-thirty. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet are present through Sunday, Jan. 7; on Tuesday, Jan. 9, pianist **BILL EVANS** will come in with his trio. Mondays are back in the hands of **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and their fifteen sectionpersons. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in swing musicians—some of them are venerable, some are venerable and famous, and some are famous. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 3-5; Clyde Bernhardt's Harlem Blues and Jazz Band will work on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6-7; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 10-13, the Basie alumni quintet—the **COUNTSMEN**—will be on the bandstand. Mondays are devoted to pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 3-4, at 6: Audrey Lavine singing the songs of Harold Arlen. . . . ¶ Monday through Thursday, Jan. 8-11, at 6: Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and Stacy Faun singing the songs of Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg, and Rudolf Friml. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 7-8, at 7.

Rush—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 13-14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Christo—The famous conceptualist is off on a new tack—a herculean project in which he plans to stack two million oil barrels in the shape of a mastaba, a sort of truncated pyramid, in Abu Dhabi, deep in the Arabian Peninsula. Christo's colored rendering of the proposed structure is on view at the Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St., in a group show, along with representative paintings by Rothko, de Kooning, Frank Stella, and eight other artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 11. (Open Mondays.)

Robert Dash—Quiet landscapes of small-town life, in this instance Sagaponack, Long Island. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Gourfain—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Fifty-odd drawings and watercolors in a retrospective that shows this master draftsman in top form, depicting café life and brothels in Paris, a mule-and-horse exchange in Tampa, colorful Cuban vistas, and so on. Through Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Walasse Ting—Stylized, voluptuous nudes, some all but smothered by falling blossoms, and others set off by colorful parrots.

Anne Burgess

Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Andy Warhol—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Stuart Diamond, Katherine Porter, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 20. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstract works on paper covering the twenty-five-year period the artist has been associated with the gallery, which, coincidentally, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with this show. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Bloom/Stephen Larese—Hollow sculptural works—essentially bowl shapes—in several materials, including papier-mâché, and concrete and pigment over metal lath. / Paper boxes, uniform in size but done in a wide range of colors, inside and out, and lined in some instances with folded-paper surprises. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Suzi Gablik—Collages touched up with original painting and fairly teeming with life. Everything from tapeworms to field flowers is crowded in, but most of the items are undersea growths—finger coral, sea fans, anemones, sponges, eel grass, phosphorescent shrimp. Through Friday, Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Denise Green—Three seven-foot-square paintings in oils and wax crayons on canvas, by an artist who concentrates on the divisibility of things as opposed to their unity: in every case, the canvas is divided into two parts. Also smaller works. Through Jan. 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Michael Isen—A hat rack, a free-standing hall tree, and a chair, each weighted down with brilliantly colored polychrome wearing apparel (jackets, scarves, hats, and so on), are among the sculptured objects in this exhibit. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jess—The San Francisco artist who operates under this name makes collages of antique steel engravings, anatomical studies, postcards, fine-arts-magazine illustrations, and the like. Also oil paintings. The tone is surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract oils. Through Jan. 27. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thrity-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Paul Narkiewicz/Pati Hill—Watercolor landscapes of Italy, reduced to their simplest terms—almost abstracted. / The death of a swan is transmuted into a bittersweet fable by this artist's photocopy legerdemain. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger/David Finn—Abstract drawings in which paper coated with hardened gesso is scrubbed with black graphite and then touched up with chamois and kneaded eraser to bring out lighter areas. / Photographic studies of Canova's neoclassical sculptures in Italy, France, and here. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Pocket Art—An exhibition of very small art works—gaily colored folded paper pieces by Charlotte Brown; sculptures incorporating black-eyed peas by Howardena Pindell; a tiny doorway cut into the wall by David Hammons. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: A potpourri of paintings and drawings, ranging from fragmentary sketches by various members of "the Eight" to recent works by gallery regulars. Through Jan. 31. . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Among the works by twenty-one artists are drawings by Saul Steinberg and Claes Oldenburg: a four-foot-long ceramic representation of a wrecked mine head by Raymon Elozua; and a map projection, in which North and South America together come out looking like a sausage, by Agnes Denes. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Saul Steinberg, Fernando Botero, Karel Appel, and others. Through Jan. 20. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans—the works date from 1770 to 1978—including Edward Hicks, James McNeill Whistler, Ben Shahn, and Ruth Gikow. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **nobé,** 250 W. 57th St.: Amusing ramifications of the King Tut commotion—a large zippered sarcophagus that serves as a sleeping bag, by Janet Girard; "Tut Tut" spelled out in photocopies of tickets to the show at the Met, by Harold Olejarz; and one- and two-dollar bills with the boy king's image laid on in acrylic gold, by Susan Morgan. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Feb. 3. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.: A show of new collages includes a grid pattern of handmade valentines by Barbara Kohl, mosaics using small tiles of colored paper by Reinhard Voight, and huge animals superimposed over the New York skyline (a lion, say, or a bunch of zebras) by Anita Steckel. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **sumers,** 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by James Ensor, Oskar Kokoschka, and others. Through Jan. 20. . . . **summit,** 101 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Judith Shahn, Byron Browne, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Loretta Dunkelman—Two large works in which pencil and crayon patterns of seashells are drawn on the outermost of several layers of vellum. Also Minimalist drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Erté—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973 by this elfin artist who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Thanksgiving Day and is still busy designing for the theatre. Through Jan. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Rachel Rolon de Clet—Gouaches, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through Jan. 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Cy Twombly—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Margaret Wharton—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Group Show—New works by gallery regulars include a large fantasy in oils by Malcolm Morley (a medieval Venetian waterfront scene is bridged over by an American freight train); a handsomely carved bicycle chained to a parking meter by Fumio Yoshimura, the whole done in lindenwood; and a deceptive wall sculpture by John Okulick that seems to project far out into the room but actually goes only a few inches. Through Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Barry Le Va—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Feb. 10.

Timothy Woodman/Victor Schrager—Painted sheet-metal sculptures. / Contact prints. Through Jan. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Karl Blossfeldt (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some

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of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

NASA PHOTOGRAPHS—Fifty lunar landscapes made by astronauts (they've included themselves in some of the pictures) on several Apollo missions. For contrast—Ansel Adams' Western landscapes of the forties, fifties, and sixties are on view in the adjoining gallery. Through Jan. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. . . . ¶ José Rubén Gaztambide's color photographs of life in Puerto Rico and in Hispanic communities in Manhattan. . . . ¶ Mexico today as seen by Rafael Doniz, Graciela Iturbide, Jose Angel Rodriguez, and Jesus Sanchez Uribe. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nineteenth-century photographs of Egypt by Maxime du Camp, Francis Frith, August Salzmann, and others. Through Jan. 20.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Little Egypt uptown. To begin with, there's King Tut, who hardly got this kind of attention when he was alive. Then there's the recently opened second segment of the museum's own Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—in seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. And finally there's the Temple of Dendur itself, which is almost outdone by the vast hall that houses it. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. However, the four special exhibitions—Treasures of Tutankhamun, the costume show, the Dresden show, the Temple of Dendur—are open weekdays, 10 to 8:45, Sundays, 11 to 8:45. To repeat: closed Mondays.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Ten works by Ellsworth Kelly devised from layered and colored wet paper pulp. Through Jan. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a nontraditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of nineteen works (by Alan Sonfist, Jackie Winsor, Deborah Butterfield, and others) made from tree branches, rocks, clover, mud, and other particles of nature. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Sunday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork,

ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ The downstairs gallery has an exhibit of a hundred and fifty shopping bags from all parts of the world. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Ōtsu-e* folk paintings. Through Sunday, Jan. 7. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Sunday, Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

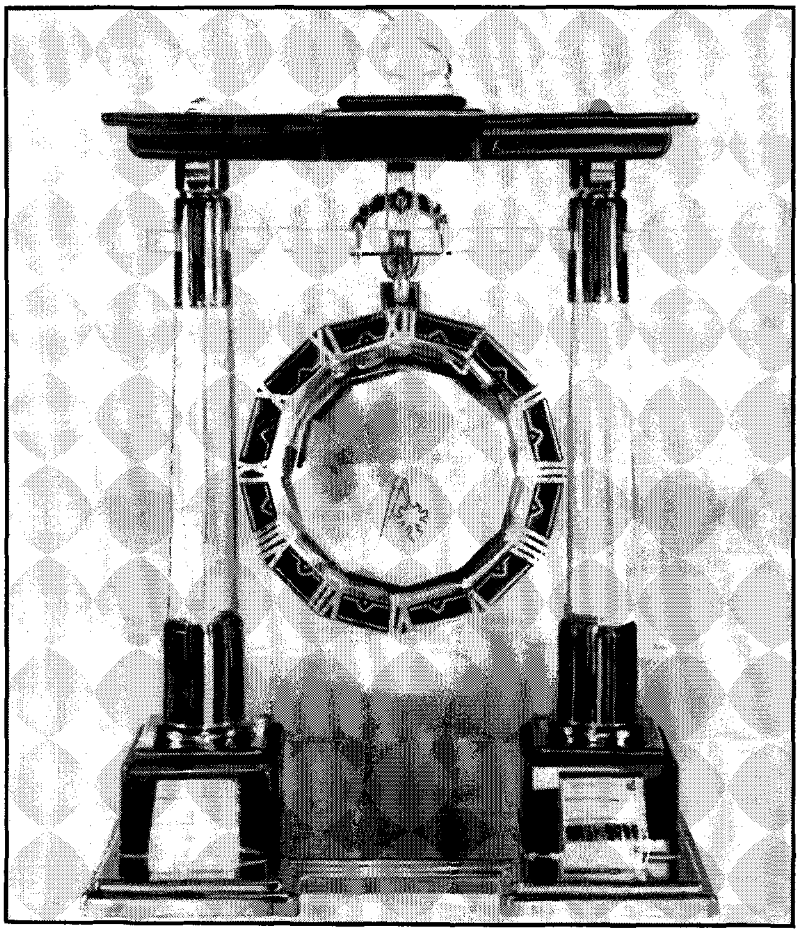
(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. (226-3970)—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Peciura, and Nancy Spero; color photographs by Laurie Simmons; three-dimensional installations by Pieter Holstein and R. M. Fischer. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, starting Saturday, Jan. 6.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671)—"Nightclub," a cabaret setting for comedians, rock bands, singers, filmmakers, and others, Friday through Sunday, Jan. 5-7, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Barbara Kruger and Dan Graham, Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to six, through Jan. 20.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615)—Chris Langdon (film), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11, at 8:30; James Welling (photographs and video) and Pat O'Neill (film), Tuesdays

Christie's Record Prices For Art Nouveau and Art Déco



Rock crystal, onyx and agate mystery clock by Cartier, Paris, which was sold by Christie's in Geneva for the world record Art Déco price of $158,530.

Christie's sales in New York, London and Geneva of Art Nouveau and Art Déco over the last year show the considerable increase in interest in this field of collecting. In November the collection formed by H. Robert Greene, of New York, was sold in Geneva for $663,100 - many of the 49 pieces having been bought for comparatively small sums over the course of 10 years.

Early in December Christie's New York held a $1,654,200 sale of Art Nouveau and Art Déco, a Gould peacock lamp made by Tiffany Studios, New York, fetching a record price for Art Nouveau of $77,000.

All enquiries regarding Art Nouveau or Art Déco sales should be made to Alastair Duncan at the address below:

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through Saturdays, 1 to 6, starting Saturday, Jan. 6.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. (784-2084)—Collaborative works by eight pairs of artists (Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, and Helen and Newton Harrison are two); projects, installations, and environments by Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas, Hilmar Boehle, Melvin Edwards, Kristen Gerber, John A. Giordano, Pieter Holstein, Nicholas Hondrogen, Bernd Jansen, Kenneth Juon, Arnold Kramer, Roland Poulin, Martin Rosz, Ed Rothfarb, Louise Stanley, Anthony Thompson, and Irene Young; ongoing dance rehearsals, with Senta Driver; photographs of dancers. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6, through Jan. 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 3: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 4: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 5: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 6: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 6: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 8: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 9: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 10: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 12: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 13: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 13: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English), staged by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30 (no soloists); Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 5, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30 (all with Gianna Rolandi, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 11-13, at 8:30 (all with Vladimir Spivakov, violin).

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—György Lehel conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Jorge Velazco directing the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to recent Latin-American music. With Alfonso Moreno, guitar, and the Brooklyn Chorale. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Jorge Mester conducting, with Eugene Fodor, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.)

New York String Ensemble—A small chamber orchestra that performs without a conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of chamber vocal-ensemble music by Schubert and Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Elizabeth Fogle—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of instrumental music of the German Renaissance, with Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble, in the second of three concerts of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Paula Robison and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

Mark Zeltser—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Larry Guy—Clarinet, in a program of American music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Lee Dougherty and Anne Chamberlain—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Lydia Artymiw—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The inaugural concert in this new series will be performed by Beverly Sills, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With the Dorian Woodwind Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Frances Veri and Michael Jamanis—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.) . . ¶ The second in a series of three all-Schubert concerts, this one with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Donald Palma, contrabass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Josef Suk—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Paul Plishka, bass-baritone, in a recital postponed from Dec. 13. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one a French program, with Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Jerome Barry—Baritone, performing Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Bach to Bach," with the Festival Grande Bande, a baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The third in a series of seven concerts, this one played by the Borodin Piano Trio. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8. Tickets at the box office after 1 on the day of the recital.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "Music in Germany from Isaac to Praetorius," with Patrick Mason, baritone; Kenneth Bell, bass and narrator; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in a program of Swiss music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Virgil Thomson Retrospective—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Joel Sachs. Mr. Thomson will be guest speaker. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among those taking part in a benefit concert of arias, duets, and scenes will be sopranos Régine Crespin, and Rita Shane, mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, tenors Rockwell Blake and Luciano Pavarotti, baritones Robert Merrill and Sherrill Milnes, and bass Paul Plishka. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. . . . **rutgers university athletic center**, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Sunday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Jan. 12. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Jan. 5, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 6, and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 13. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Tennis—Colgate Grand Prix Masters. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 10-12, at 1:30 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2. For information about tickets, call 755-2810.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 20.

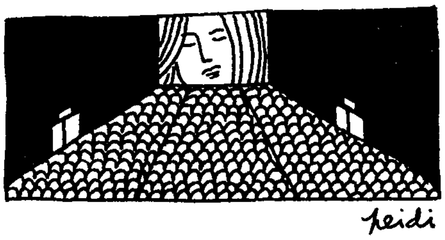
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—William Stafford reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . ¶ Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own works and from the works of William Carlos Williams. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 14. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 7: "Handle with Care."
Jan. 8: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 9: Three films by Yannick Bellon—"La Femme de Jean" (1974), "Quelque Part Quelqu'un" (1972), and "Jamais Plus, Toujours" (1976), all in French with English subtitles.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 4: "The Boys from Brazil."
From Jan. 5: "Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 4: "National Lampoon's Animal House" and "Car Wash."
From Jan. 5: "The Boys from Brazil" and "Marathon Man."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 4: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Jan. 5: "Heaven Can Wait."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Oliver's Story."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Oliver's Story."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Moment by Moment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Brink's Job."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 4: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 5: "Foul Play."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Brass Target."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 9: "Wilderness Family, Part 2."
From Jan. 10: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Force 10 from Navarone."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 4: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "A Dream of Passion."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 4: "Brass Target" and "Coma." From Jan. 5: "Just Crazy About Horses."
Theatre 4: "Days of Heaven."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Jan. 6: "The Boys from Brazil."
From Jan. 7: "Wifemistress."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Movie Movie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Violette."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 4: "Dossier 51."
From Jan. 5: "My Love Has Been Burning."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Magic."
Theatre 3: "The Wiz."
Theatre 4: "Brass Target."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Just Crazy About Horses."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 9: "Foul Play" and "Black Sunday."
From Jan. 10: "Midnight Express" and "The Boys in Company C."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Oliver's Story." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Force 10 from Navarone." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Every Which Way but Loose." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target" (†) and "Coma." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 3: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Renoir.
Jan. 4: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Jan. 5-6: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Jan. 7-8: "8½" (†); and "Alex in Wonderland" (1970), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Donald Sutherland, Ellen Burstyn, Jeanne Moreau, and Federico Fellini.
Jan. 9: "Fires on the Plain" (†); and "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa.
Jan. 10: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge; and "The Parallax View" (1974), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss, and Hume Cronyn.
Jan. 11: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, and David Manners; and "Sylvia Scarlett." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 3: "The Joyless Street" (1925), directed by G. W. Pabst, with Greta Garbo and Asta Nielsen; and "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion.
Jan. 4: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978), directed by Karel Reisz, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "Convoy" (1978), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine.
Jan. 5: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972) and "All Screwed Up" (1974), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
Jan. 6: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love." (†)
Jan. 7: "As You Like It" (†); and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
Jan. 8: "The Sugarland Express" (†); and "Gun Crazy" (1949), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Peggy Cummins and John Dall.
Jan. 9: "The Magician" (†) and "Hour of the Wolf." (†)
Jan. 10: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Rain." (†)
Jan. 11: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 4: "Cry Uncle" (1971), directed by John Avildsen, with Allen Garfield; and "Inserts" (1976), directed by John Byrum, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jessica Harper, and Veronica Cartwright.
Jan. 5-6: "Jabberwocky" (†); and six two-reel comedies with the Three Stooges.
Jan. 7-8: "Rebel Without a Cause" (†); and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris.
Jan. 9: "The Battle of Chile." (†)
Jan. 10-11: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa

Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny (X-rated).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 6: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Jan. 7-9: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

From Jan. 10: "North by Northwest" (†) and "Notorious." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Jan. 4: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort; and "The Clockmaker" (1976), directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Jan. 5-6: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Jan. 7-8: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Jan. 9: "Wagonmaster" (†) and "Rio Grande." (†)

Jan. 10-11: "Figures in a Landscape" (†) and "The Go-Between." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 3: "Song of Scheherazade" (1947), directed by Walter Reisch, with Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophuls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maria Montez, Paule Croset, Henry Daniell, and Nigel Bruce.

Jan. 4: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961), directed by Frank Capra, with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, David Brian, and Dona Drake.

Jan. 5: "The Painted Veil" (†); and "Mata Hari" (1932), directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

Jan. 6: "The Gang's All Here" (†) and "Weekend in Havana." (†)

Jan. 7-8: "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" (1931), directed by Edgar Selwyn, with Helen Hayes, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, and Robert Young; and "The White Sister" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lewis Stone, and Louise Closser Hall.

Jan. 9: "A Foreign Affair" (1948), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund; and "The Major and the Minor." (†)

Jan. 10: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (†); and "Strange Interlude" (1932), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

Jan. 11: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "New Moon." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Sweepings" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Lionel Barrymore and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Side Street" (1929), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Tom Owen, Matt Moore, and Kathryn Perry. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1934), directed by Ernest Schoedsack, with Preston Foster, Alan Hale, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Side Street." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "Beau Geste" (1926), a silent film, directed by Herbert Brenon, with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Noah Beery. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at noon: "Dog of Flanders" (1935), directed by Edward Sloman, with Frankie Thomas, Helen Parrish, and Richard Quine. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Ann Vickers" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5: "Sweepings." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at noon: "Dog of Flanders." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "In Name Only" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis, Peggy Ann Garner, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5: "Une Femme Coquette" (1955), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, no English subtitles; and "Le Petit Soldat" (1960), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "Sentinels of Silence" (1975), a Mexican film, directed by Robert Amrom, narrated by Orson Welles, in English; "Flowers and Song" (1978), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Nicolas Echevarria, English subtitles; and "The Balsas River in Concert" (1977), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alfredo Gurrola, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: "Sentinels of Silence," "Flowers and Song," and "The Balsas River in Concert." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (1957), in German, directed by Kurt Hoffman, with Horst Buchholz; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Ann Vickers." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Jalna" (1935), directed by John Cromwell, with Peggy Wood, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, and David Manners. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8:30: "The Silver Cord" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Irene Dunne, Joel McCrea, and Frances Dee. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Jan. 7: "Newsreel: 10th Anniversary." The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 9: "Tattooed Tears" (1978), directed by Joan Churchill and Nick Broomfield. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 7:30 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 4-7: "We Are Arab Jews in Israel" (1977), in French, directed by Igaal Niddam; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 11: "Solzhenitsyn's Children Are Making a Lot of Noise in Paris" (1979), in French, directed by Michael Rubbo; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center.—A program of six films directed by Luchino Visconti. Jan. 8: "The Innocent" (1979), in Italian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 9: "Death in Venice" (1971), in English. . . . ¶ Jan. 10: "The Damned" (1969), in English. . . . ¶ Jan. 11: "The Stranger" (1967), in French, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 12: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Italian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 13: "Senso" (1955), in Italian, with English subtitles. Showings at 8, with Dirk Bogarde serving as compère. (For information about tickets, call 799-2200, ext. 250, between 1 and 5.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this is by no means a contemptible production. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a gamine to her fingertips and one of the great theatrical technicians specializing in heartbreaking charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is absolutely necessary, but she's an actress to see. She's a little handicapped by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines, but never for a moment does one think of her as Fräulein Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando. With Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, and Leon Quartermaine. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street (1934)—The war-horse of the stage-matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this overproduced, unleavened version from M-G-M, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Irving Thalberg produced, with his favorite dull company man, Sidney Franklin, directing. From the Rudolf Besier play (which Katharine Cornell made famous). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 10.)

The Battle of Chile—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (Cinema Village; Jan. 9.)

Black Sunday (1977)—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam War veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Olympia; through Jan. 9.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris. Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Art, through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 5.)

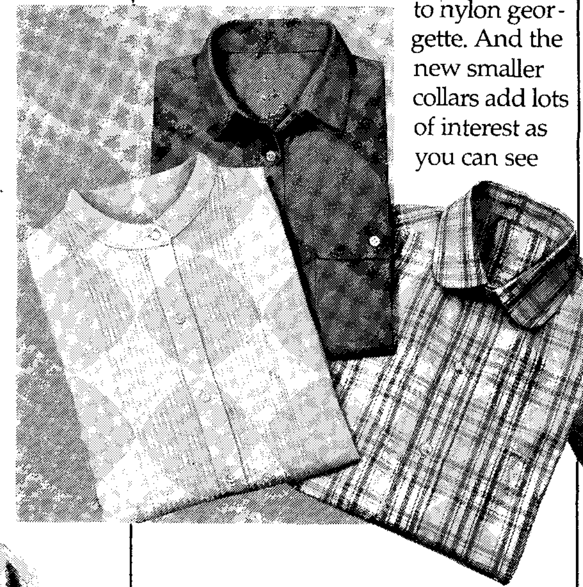
The Boys in Company C—For what it is, this Sidney J. Furie film is very well done; the problem is in what it is. A comedy-melodrama about a group of Marine recruits who go to

THE TALBOTS SPRING FORECAST

To us, pretty yet practical best describes this season's collection of clothes. Everything from dresses to sportswear has a soft, simple look. So the feeling is as fresh and new as spring itself.

Skirts are more important than ever with their leaner, slimmer shape. The styles are varied including skirts with slits, button-fronts and wraps like this one for $52. As to fabrics, chino, poplin, linen and silk are all making news.

Blouses are softened by tucking, pleating or shirring as shown below left in this truly feminine top for $25. The fabrics range from crisp cotton to nylon georgette. And the new smaller collars add lots of interest as you can see by these blouses from our collection.



Suits this spring have just the soft tailoring you want for the office, shopping, whatever. The jackets are slightly shorter, the skirts are straighter and the colors are beautifully neutral. A good example is this superbly styled three-piece suit for $150. You can also get a smart coordinated look with the new jacket dresses or perfectly matched blouses and skirts.

Accessories have definitely gone natural for spring. For instance, you'll find bangle bracelets made of textured bamboo. $6. Belts with clasps featuring a natural motif like this charming scallop shell. $20. A natural color shawl to go with everything. $40. Plus shoes and bags done in interesting combinations such as leather and Irish linen.

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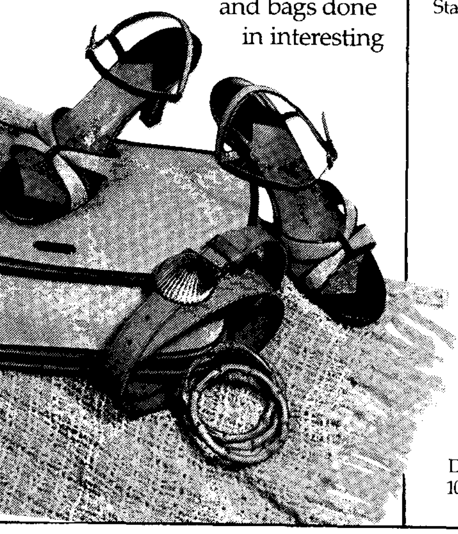

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Vietnam, it attempts, while taking anti-Vietnam War attitudes, to show how comradeship builds character—as in Second World War movies. Rambunctious service-comedy situations are given a raucous, hip updating and encrusted with four-letter words. Furie keeps the gags and the sentiment coming. It's an exploitation war movie—mostly, it's like dirty TV—and the highly volatile, predominantly male audiences it attracts really get with it. The relatively fresh cast includes Stan Shaw, James Whitmore, Jr., Lee Ermey, Santos Morales, and Andrew Stevens. The mixed-up, messagey, schizophrenic script is by Furie and Rick Natkin. (With a John Wayne movie, you at least knew where you were.) (Olympia; starting Jan. 10.)

Brass Target—With Sophia Loren, John Cassavetes, and George Kennedy, directed by John Hough. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 4.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Festival. . . . ¶ Art; starting Jan. 5.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

California Suite—From the Neil Simon play, with Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Michael Caine, and Maggie Smith. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Car Wash (1976)—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 4.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Victoria. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 4.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Dossier 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (Cinema Studio 2; through Jan. 4.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Quad Cinema.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe—the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his lust for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multiringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life in which, in the midst of a carnival or a ball, the hero receives inspiration, and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical), but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. With Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 7-8.)

Every Which Way but Loose—With Clint Eastwood, directed by James Fargo. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Figures in a Landscape (1970)—With Robert Shaw and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Joseph Losey. Cryptic, sometimes abruptly witty dialogue by Robert Shaw, but the film literally *is* about mere figures in a mere landscape—one of those Everyman-and-nothing stories, heavy with intellectual intent but pretty light inside. (Thalia; Jan. 10-11.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 9.)

Force 10 from Navarone—With Robert Shaw, Harrison Ford, Barbara Bach, Edward Fox, Franco Nero, Carl Weathers, and Richard Kiel; directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Olympia; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 5.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which, as a piece of staging, passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. Leo Robin and Harry Warren supplied the songs, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia; Jan. 10-11.)

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with

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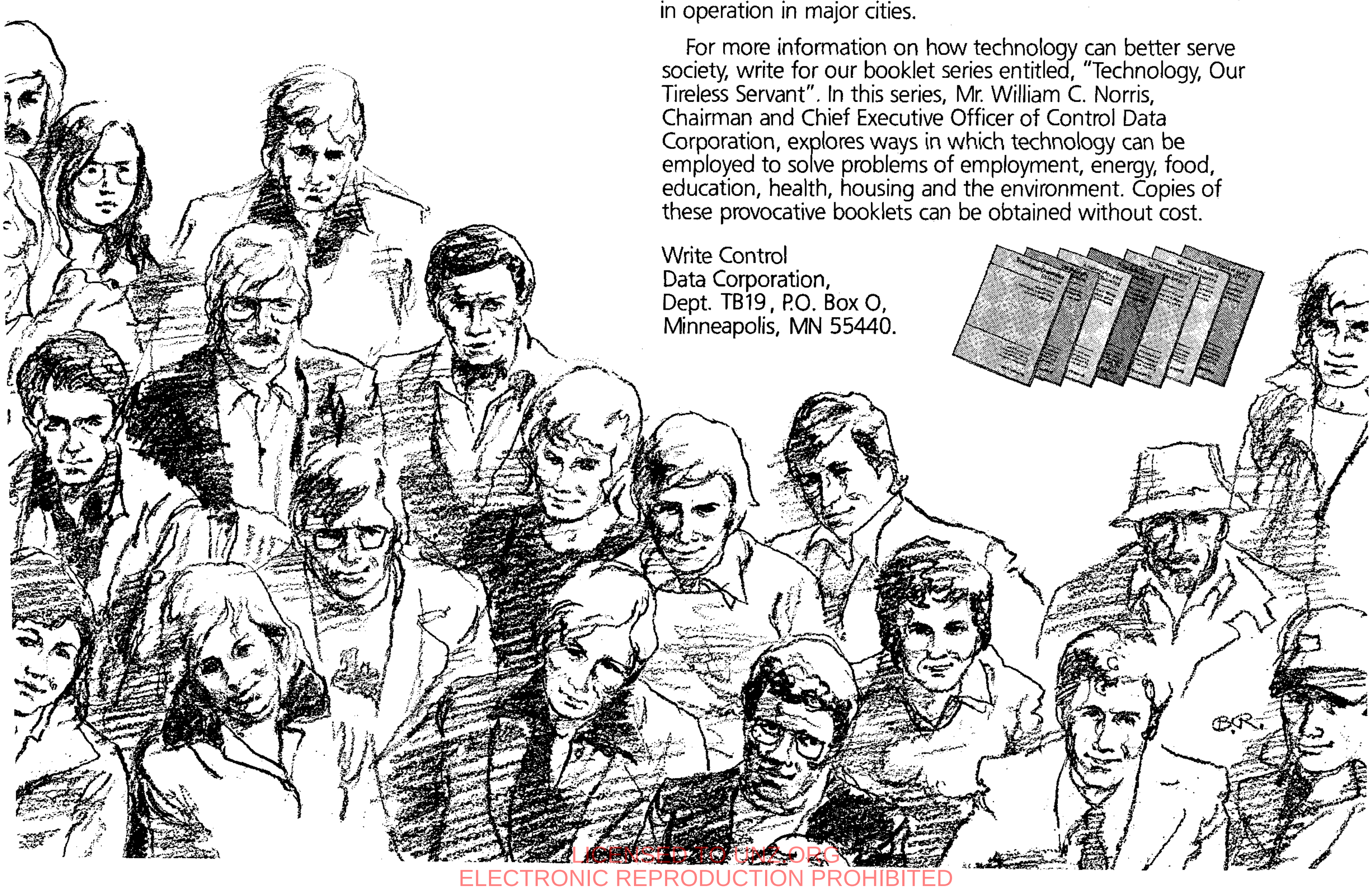


the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Little Theatre; through Jan. 7.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 5.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality; a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, it's a realization of the potentialities of the material—a new classic. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. (5/9/77) (Cinema Village; Jan. 5-6.)

Just Crazy About Horses—A documentary, directed by Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple. (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 5.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Last Wave—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

The Magician (1958; "Ansiktet," which is "The Face")—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met. . . ." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry such a charge of latent meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

The Major and the Minor (1942)—Determinedly sassy wartime comedy, in which Ginger Rogers, as a New York career girl down on her luck, without enough money to return home to Iowa, dresses up as a twelve-year-old and buys a half-fare railroad ticket. On the train, she meets Ray Milland, an Army major stationed at a military school for boys, and he is bewildered by his attraction to the overgrown tyke. The Major's fiancée (Rita Johnson) becomes suspicious, so the heroine is forced to keep up her charade, even while fending off lecherous youngsters at the school. The farce situations are pushed too broadly, and have a sanctimonious patriotic veneer, but this first American film directed by Billy Wilder was a box-office hit. With Robert Benchley, Diana Lynn as the kid who sees through the heroine's masquerade, and Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, who plays her mother. The script, by Charles Brackett and Wilder, seems to have been concocted after the title, but it's actually derived from disparate sources—a play and a story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 9.)

Marathon Man (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 5.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (72nd Street East, and Greenwich; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 10.)

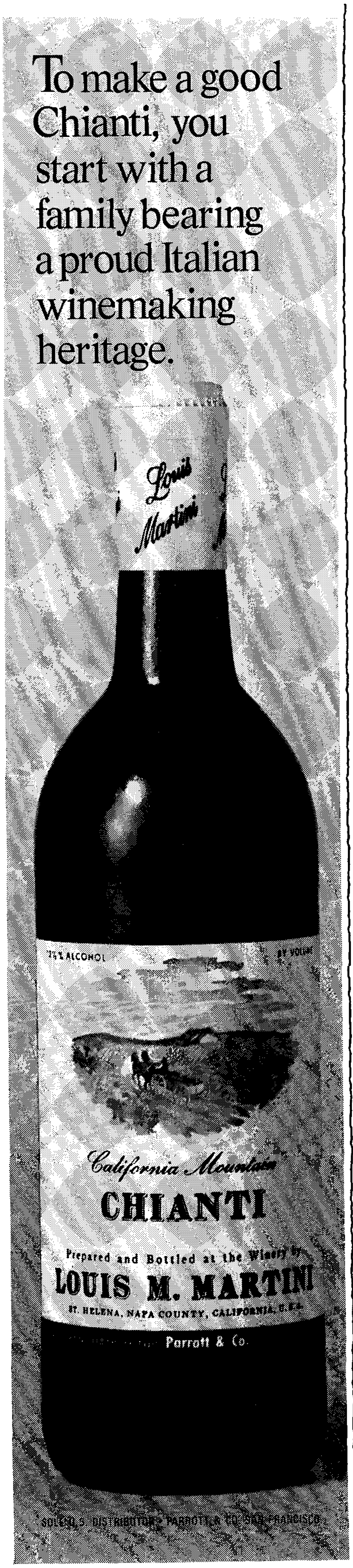
Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

My Love Has Been Burning (1949)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 2; starting Jan. 5.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Jan. 4.)

New Moon (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The Iron Butterfly was still fluttering, but this was toward the end of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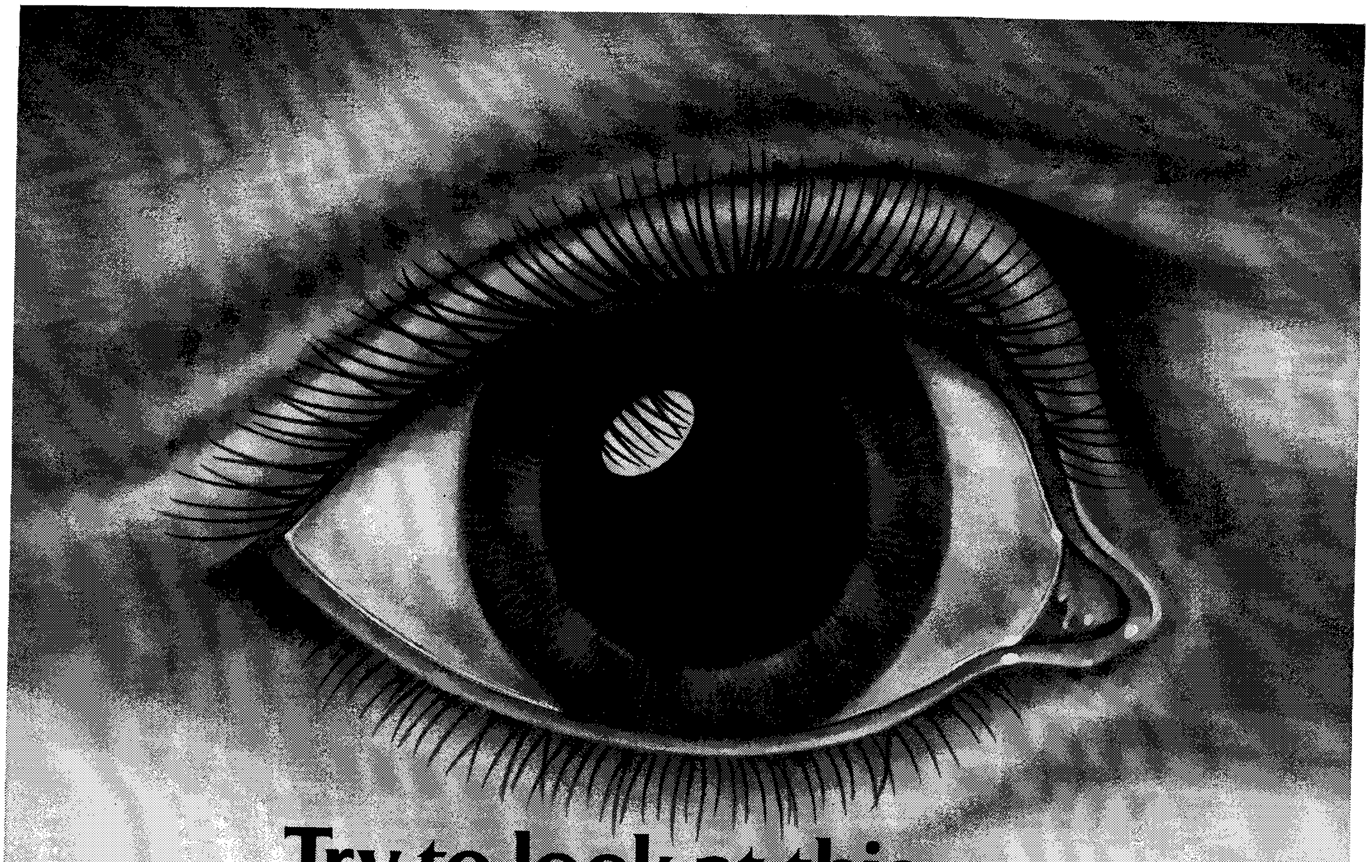

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that partnership, whose like, one hopes, will never be seen again. The songs ("One Kiss," "Lover Come Back to Me," "Stout-Hearted Men," etc.) are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg. Robert Z. Leonard directed. With Mary Boland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the mad geography and improbable plot. The compass seems to be spinning as the action hops all over the country and people rush about in the wrong direction. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on much too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces that he wants to put in, but it has a classic sequence, in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggests a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard. The script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to "The 39 Steps." (Regency; starting Jan. 10.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Regency; starting Jan. 10.)

Oliver's Story—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; directed by John Korty. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Loews State 2.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and George Brent, as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously, the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Cinema Village; Jan. 7-8.)

Rio Grande (1950)—In this John Ford Western, John Wayne is a lieutenant colonel in the cavalry and Maureen O'Hara is his estranged wife, whom he hasn't seen for sixteen years; she arrives at the post he commands because their son (Claude Jarman, Jr.) is among the new recruits there. The action involves an Apache uprising, but the conflict is the emotional one between the colonel's sense of duty and his love of his wife; Wayne and O'Hara are very effective together, so that the viewer deeply wants the final reconciliation. The script is by James Kevin McGuinness, based on James Warner Bellah's "Mission with No Record." With Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Chill Wills, J. Carrol Naish, Grant Withers, and the Sons of the Pioneers as the regimental singers. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn) who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who was then in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 8.)

Superman—Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, this is a cheesy-looking film, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. The film has its moments, but it gives the impression of having been made in panic—in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see it: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, dead-pan style that's just right for a windup hero. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her conman father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of a ballad about the sea. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Wagonmaster (1950)—Mormons in the eighteen-seventies in search of new land to settle; the film is about what happens to their wagon train, and the director, John Ford, is as deeply involved in the characters as he is in the encounters with Indians, the romances, the dealings with mysterious strangers. He draws heavily on his earlier films; as a result, this seems one of his most personal works. It's a John Ford ballad, with his limitations showing as well as his poetic strength. With Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., Ward Bond, and Jane Darwell. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Jan. 7.)

Wilderness Family, Part 2—With Robert Logan, directed by Frank Zuniga. (D. W. Griffith, Guild, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶U.A. East, through Jan. 9.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Plaza, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, we shouldn't jeopardize our vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the fascinating, stony Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister, Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladek Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 6.)

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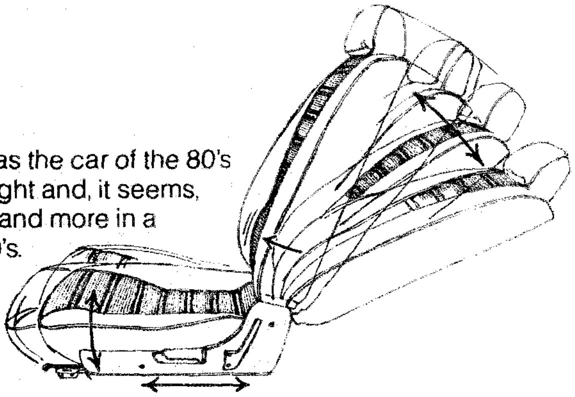

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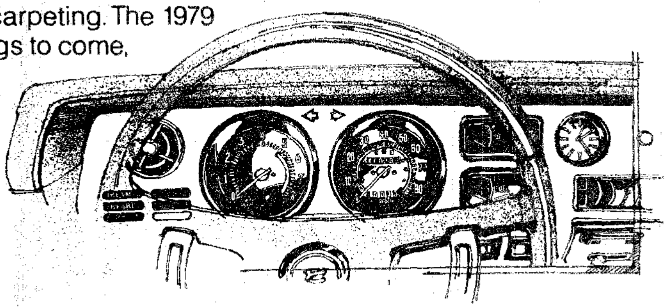

YOU GOT IT.

THE CELICA GT LIFTBACK **TOYOTA**

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SKYLAB is falling, and NASA has admitted publicly that it can't do a thing about it. When we read about this in the papers, we found the information a bit worrisome and also somewhat incomplete, so we called a friend of ours at NASA for explication. Our friend at NASA did not sound particularly perturbed. Perhaps, we thought, he had been schooled not to be. Objects falling on you from space are to be thought of not as catastrophic but as Just One of Those Things.

The very first question we asked, having various plans for the future in mind, was "When is this going to happen?"

"There are too many variables involved for anyone to predict exactly when Skylab will fall," he told us. Apparently, the NORAD people, who are in charge of tracking orbital and falling objects, cannot point to the exact time and the exact place for the meeting with the terrestrial surface of something that is spinning above us at a rate of 17,500 miles per hour, an hour and a half per orbit. "I can give you an illustration," our friend said. "They didn't do so well with Pegasus 1 this fall. That was supposed to come down in the Atlantic, west of Angola, but it came down somewhere in the Angolan jungle—we think. We've never found any of it."

We had not heard anything about Pegasus 1's fall, and we suspected that our friend was trying to reassure us by letting us know that things like this happen all the time. "Do things like this happen all the time?" we asked.

"Stuff is coming down almost every day," he said, with what sounded like a sheepish laugh. Pegasus 1, he told us, had been sent up in 1965 to determine the density of meteoroids in space. It came down in September, thus teaching a gaggle of Angolan baboons probably more than they wanted to know about meteoric densities.

"How much did Pegasus 1 weigh?" we ventured.

"About twenty thousand pounds," he told us. "But most of that burned up and only about sixteen hundred pounds reached the surface."

"And Skylab's weight?"

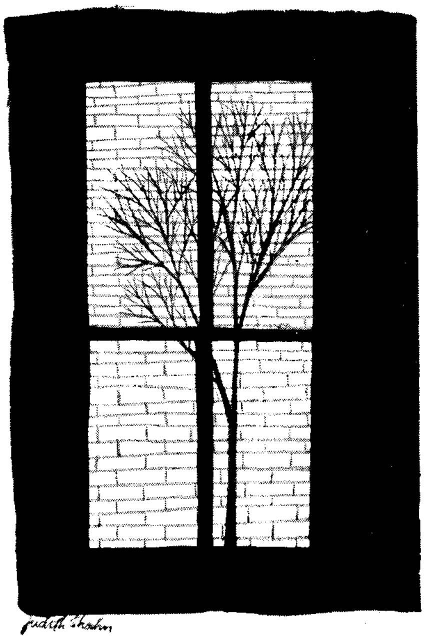
"Seventy-seven to seventy-nine tons," he said.

"Well, how much of that is going to end up down here?"

"Umm . . . maybe ten, maybe twenty thousand pounds, somewhere in there," he said. "The track varies over a twenty-four-hour period, but, if you're interested in a general way, it lies between fifty degrees south latitude and fifty degrees north latitude and about seventy-five per cent over water. You can check it out on a globe." We did. Tierra del Fuego, Northern Europe, and the greater part of Russia and Canada can breathe freely.

"How did this happen?" we asked.

Our friend sighed, and began what sounded like a well-worn recital. "When we sent Skylab up, in May of 1973, we thought that it would be able to stay up without any help from us until 1983," he said. "We thought we could predict sunspot activity well enough to make that supposition, but we were wrong. Sunspots have a definite effect on the extent of the earth's outer atmosphere. They cause it to expand, and the expansion of the atmosphere slows orbiting objects, and the orbits degrade. That's part of Skylab's problem. Its orbit would have degraded in any case, but unexpected heavy sunspot activity has speeded up the process, and so now we're expecting an earlier descent than we had planned on. Next summer, probably. Actually, we had hoped the descent would never have to take place. We had planned on attaching small remotely controlled rockets to the outside of Skylab—an astronaut from our space shuttle could have done this—to boost it into a higher orbit, but now we won't be ready in time."



And the orbiting space laboratory occupied from time to time by Soviet cosmonauts? When might that be coming down?

"Well, that's a different story," said our friend. "They have controlled de-orbiting capability."

Fair is fair, and we felt relieved at the thought that most of Russia and, we hope, all of its prudent space scientists are outside the hundred-degrees-of-latitude litter zone.

One last question: "How long will it take for Skylab to hit once it starts to fall?" Maybe, we thought, there would be time to go down to the cellar.

"Let's see," said our NASA friend. "I believe that would be around eight minutes."

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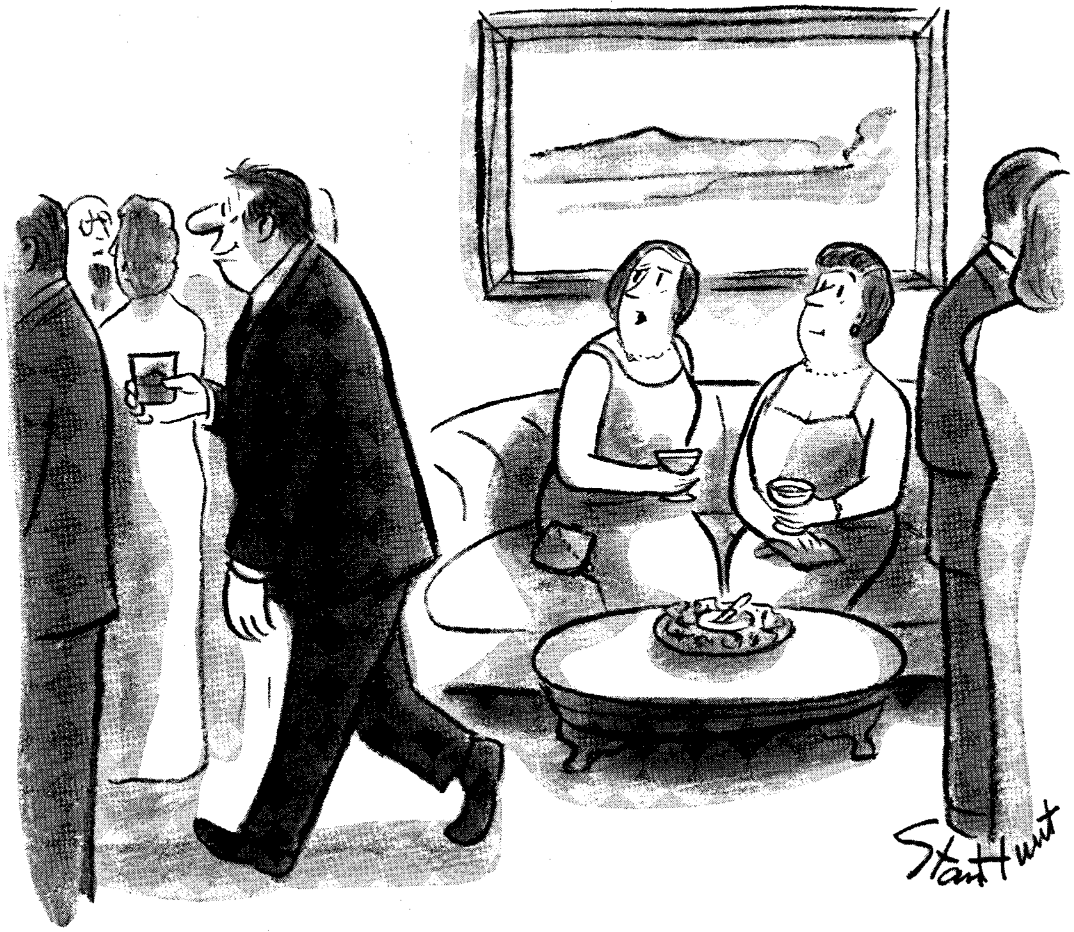
Gala

EDMOND O'BRIEN, '36; Lorne Greene, '39; Eli Wallach, '40; Tony Randall, '40; Gregory Peck, '41; Lee Grant, '45; Marian Seldes, '47; Joanne Woodward, '52; Steve McQueen, '53; Tammy Grimes, '55; Robert Duvall, '57; Keir Dullea, '58; John Phillip Law, '61; Diane Keaton, '67; and Julie Garfield, '68—graduates, all of them, of a two-year acting course at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre—all revere Sanford Meisner, who has been the head of the school's Acting Department since 1935, and plenty of them, along with a host of Meisner colleagues and admirers such as Martha Graham, Stella Adler, Harold Clurman, Arthur Miller, Truman Capote, Louise Lasser, Kim Stanley, Jack Gilford, Robert Anderson, Robert Patrick, Paul O'Dwyer, E. G. Marshall, and Sam Waterston, turned out for the Neighborhood Playhouse School's fiftieth-anniversary gala at the Shubert, mainly because Meisner himself, who is seventy-three now and spends most of the year on Bequia, a beautiful green island in the Grenadines where whaling is still carried on by old New England methods, and where he's comfortably surrounded by three cats, two dogs, and forty Rhode Island Reds, flew up to town to be in the audience. And not only that! Zoe Caldwell and Maureen Stapleton spent two weeks in and out of Peter Gennaro's studio swotting up a nifty tap-dance routine, complete with a show-stopping train step—that's a hip-twisting sidewise move—for the show, which Gennaro directed and David Mamet and John Weidman wrote; the Mayor proclaimed it Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre Fiftieth Anniversary Day; a crowd of photographers large enough to be mistaken for 1979's New York City Marathon thundered down Shubert Alley after the show just to get a snap of Diane Keaton; then four double-decker buses, or half the city's fleet, hauled everyone off to Macy's new third floor, a hundred-thousand-square-foot renovation so elegant and so thoroughgoing (it now looks like a cross between the Place Ville Marie and the S.S. Normandie) that it required Macy's to buy an entire Italian quarry just to have enough of the right pink-and-brown marble for the floor, to enjoy a post-theatre bash at the world's largest store. There the entertainment was Andrea McArdle, Laurie Beechman, a cocktail pianist in a wing collar, an all-woman oboe-clarinet-and-bassoon trio from Juilliard, and Bobby Rosengarden's swinging dance band, which stomped until after one in the morning (the store opens for business at nine-forty-five); the crudités were exquisitely decorated with broccoli flowers, white-radish roses, and braided thin green beans; guests turned glass-topped showcases filled with burgundy cardigans and silver cowl-collars into fast-food standup tables for a buffet dinner of chicken Alessandro, pilaf, a salad of spinach, red peppers, and bean sprouts, and Swedish apple-and-nut cake, catered by Remember Basil; and Maureen Stapleton kept right on dancing, hustling through "Take the 'A' Train" and "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," and sticking her tongue out at a couple of cheeky young things grinning at her. "Don't laugh!" she yelled. "You'll be old someday, too!"

All this on a night when the Carters were fêting Marian Anderson, Fred Astaire, George Balanchine, Richard Rodgers, and Arthur Rubinstein at the Kennedy Center! All this for a school that has graduated only a thousand students in fifty years!

The Neighborhood Playhouse, which spawned the school, goes back to the Henry Street Settlement and the early years of the twentieth century: Lillian Wald and her staff thought that acting in and seeing plays would help release people's emotions and the real psychological nature under the emotions, and that ethnic drama would make people proud of their heritage. The school, which came along in 1928, was founded and fostered by three shining lights—two Lewisohn sisters, Irene and Alice, and Rita Wallach Morgenthau, who was all energy and intelligence and was shaped like a pair of parentheses—and they soon hired teachers like Martha Graham, Laura Elliot, Louis Horst, and Sanford Meisner. Meisner, who was born in Greenpoint, was a founding member of the Group Theatre of the thirties and is still remembered for his comic acting—for instance, a scene in an Odets play in which he tried to describe a hot silver fox he was holding in one hand to a customer over the phone in a phone booth while keeping his head turned looking for the cops. He had studied with Lee Strasberg way back when Strasberg was running a theatre workshop at the Chrystie Street Settlement. In Meisner's own courses, first-year students work on the build-



"Oh dear, I think Woodridge is about to overstep the boundaries of good taste."

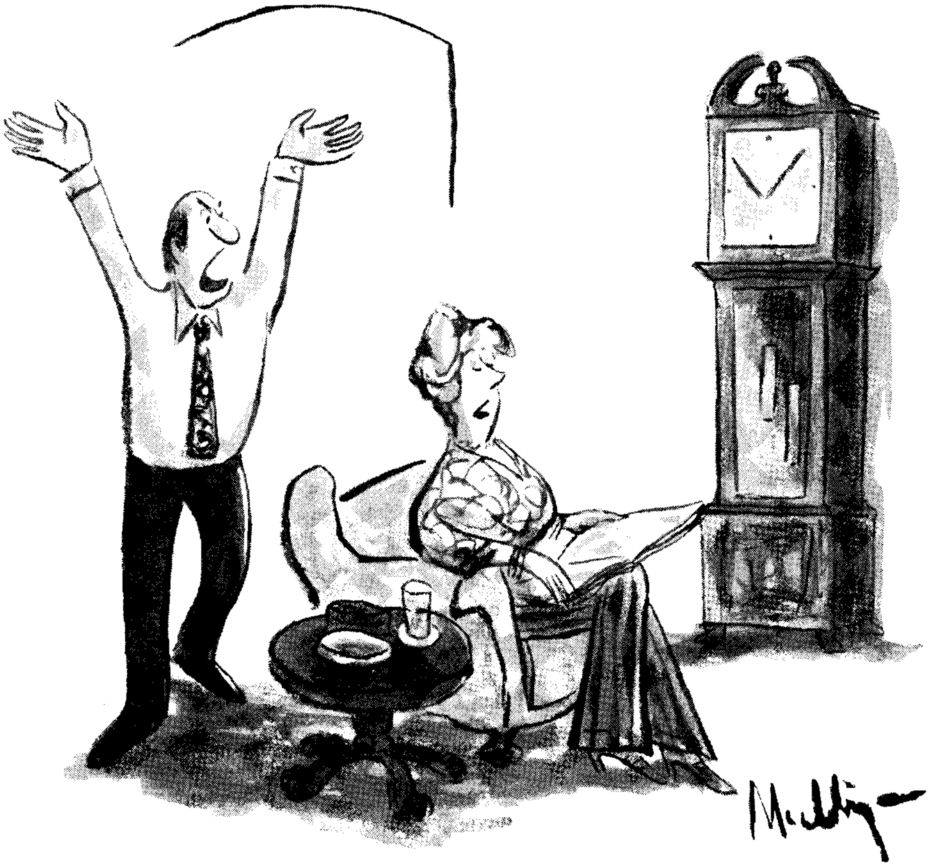
ing of their craft, and second-year students learn to use their craft—working on character and interpretation. The idea is always that you don't have to reach for the appropriate feelings in a part—they come as a result of doing everything else right. True behavior from moment to moment—"beat to beat," Meisner calls it—is what requires an actor's attention. Deal with the little truths: Where am I? What am I doing? What is the other person doing? What do I want? Then the big truths will take care of themselves.

"It's impossible to teach acting," Meisner told us when we sat down for a chat with him near the dance floor at Macy's. "But it's not impossible to shape something. There's a difference. You can't give anybody anything he doesn't have, but you can help him use what he has—discover what it is he has, accept himself, and be content with what he is. I hate ambitious people—they're deadly on themselves. If anybody asked me what my philosophy is—well, I've never formulated it, but I would say, 'Build a better mousetrap. Develop according to the dictates of your own nature, and then reveal that nature.' And there's a difference between revealing it and exhibiting it. An actress like Duse revealed; an actress like Sarah Bernhardt exhibited. There are those who say I train people for a theatre that doesn't exist—but I tell the people I train, 'Training must be adjusted to what exists, because everyone has to earn a living, but never forget what might be.' What might be—this is the hidden world of the theatre. It's quite real, but the visible world is stronger—you have to pay the rent. But they both exist. One's inside; one's outside. Is Milton Berle, whom I like, any realer than I am? We're both alive, whereas some people only think they are. But don't forget this: my students tend to dramatize when they talk about how good I am."

Office Workers

OUR favorite highlights from "The Steelcase National Study of Office Environments: Do They Work?," the published report of a survey conducted by Louis Harris & Associates, Inc.:

Eighty-two per cent of the office workers in this country have positive feelings about their jobs. There is little difference whether the person is male or female, or has been on the job more than six years or less than six years, and little difference whatever the type of job or the job level.



"This is not, after all, the Middle Ages. This is 1978."

"1979."

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The three most important considerations that an office worker looks for in a job are clarity of the scope and responsibilities of the job; interesting work; and access to the tools, equipment, and materials needed to get the job done well.

During the past five years, seventy-three per cent of this country's office workers have had a change in the location of personal work space.

Ninety-four per cent of today's office workers feel that the way their personal work spaces look is important.

The two most important characteristics of a personal work space are how neat and well-organized it looks and the amount of privacy it affords. There is almost universal agreement on this among business executives and office workers.

More than seventy per cent of today's office workers are satisfied with their personal work spaces.

Office workers on the average spend only 6.4 hours per day at or in their personal work spaces.

THE Harris people interviewed one thousand and forty-seven office workers, two hundred and nine executives, and two hundred and twenty-five office designers. None of the office workers, executives, or office designers mentioned the importance of nice, clear, long corridors or of Coke machines. A nice, clear, long corridor is an important thing to have in an office because office workers are then able to trip up or do a fireman's carry on an unsuspecting colleague. A Coke machine is important because an office worker can buy a nice, refreshing drink at it, stand around it and flirt, or sit on top of it stark naked while having a small nervous breakdown or while reading the poetry of Adrienne Barbeau.

The Concertina

ON the day after Christmas, we heard a holiday story that in a flash emptied our mind of *almost* everything else. A man who has never hummed, who more especially has never hummed "Lady of Spain," who would probably have always crossed the street to avoid anyone humming "Lady of Spain," was humming "Lady of Spain" at an eggnog party. He unfolded this tale:

I have always been careful about Christmas, planning its food and moods and weighing each gift, but this year I waited to see what would happen if I simply made up Christmas as I went along. I bought nothing, I sent out no cards, and then, one morning two weeks ago, on my way to work, I found two cards in my mailbox—one from a bookstore I owe twenty-one dollars to, and the other from a man I used to think I disliked, because he never prepared himself for a career and used to just take any job that came along. And I went back upstairs to talk to my wife, whom I had just kissed goodbye until the evening. My wife is a stockbroker, but she wasn't going in to work that day, for some reason. "Hello, dear," I said. "What would you like for Christmas?"

"That's a funny question, coming from you," she said. "I want a concertina. I've wanted one ever since we watched that old movie on TV where Fred MacMurray was a bandleader who played the concertina and he fell in love with Carole Lombard on an ocean liner and she was pretending to be a princess so that she could go to Hollywood to break into pictures. Fred MacMurray is very good in certain kinds of parts, whatever you may think, and it's very relaxing to play a little music and noodle around, and anyway a concertina is small and portable, and it's either hexagonal or octagonal, which are two pleasing shapes that don't get used much, and it moves both in and out, and the notes come out through vibrating reeds, just like a person breathing and talking. You don't have to get it for me if you don't want to."

I was astonished. This revelation, like taking a wrong turn in a French town and coming upon a cathedral not mentioned in any guidebook, was unlike anything that had happened to me since I was twelve and my older brother told me as he set off for college that all his life, inside, he had been a Kodiak bear. Of course I would buy her a concertina.

I had no idea where to buy a concertina. I called up a couple of musicians I know, and they both suggested pawnshops, but that sounded pathetic. I didn't want to buy an instrument that someone had had to abandon in a hurry. There was no listing under "Concertina" in the Yellow Pages. I called up a big musical-instrument store on Forty-eighth Street. "My wife wants a concertina for Christmas," I said.

"We don't sell any kind of accordions," said a businesslike voice.

Of course. A concertina is an accordion. I looked up accordions in the Yellow Pages—they're on the first page of the listings—and immediately saw two names in bold type: "ACCORDION-O-RAMA" and the "ALAS ACCORDION CO." Both were "Conveniently Located on Second Floor," and they had the same address—874 Broadway—and the same phone number. I dialled.

"Hello," said a man's cheerful voice.

"My wife wants a concertina for Christmas," I said.

"Get a new wife," said the voice.

"Well, I can't," I said. "Do you have any concertinas?"

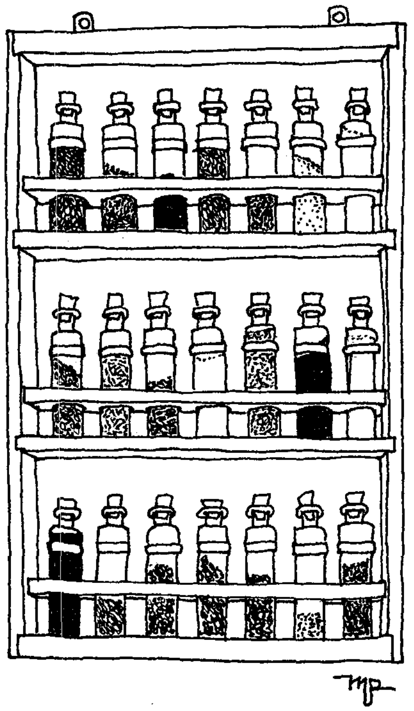
"Do you have any money?" asked the voice.

"Yes."

"We have them."

The next day, I took my wife over to 874 Broadway, which is on the corner of Eighteenth Street. It's an old manufacturing building in need of a cleaning, but it has polished-granite columns supporting capitals with lion heads outside the windows, and turrets topped with fleurs-de-lis, and a mosaic in the lobby says "MACINTYRE BUILDING." "I'd like to scrub this place up," my wife said. "Wouldn't you? It would be just beautiful. People keep talking about reusing old buildings, when what they should be doing is just using them in the first place." We went on up to the second floor, where there are two shops—the accordion place, and one that says "ACCURATE K. MILLS" on the door. This stands for "Accurate Knitting Mills," I later found out.

The owner of the voice on the phone turned out to be Gerald Shearer, a stocky man in his sixties with sandy hair and with bright eyes behind big glasses. He was standing in a showroom filled with a hundred accordions—black ones and red ones for the most part, some in a glass-fronted showcase, others partly wrapped in brown paper and stuck up on high shelves. In the room next door we could hear someone noodling on an accordion and tuning it. Shearer told us that he had been in the accordion business thirty years, and that he has such a diversified stock he can usually satisfy any customer—even someone who wants a concertina. He opened a metal cabinet, and there were half a dozen concertinas: small red hexagonal ones from East Germany, and a bigger, Italian hexagonal concertina with white buttons set into two brown wooden frames inlaid with silver mesh. My wife looked them over and played a few notes on each one. She obviously liked the Italian concertina. "Are you Italian?" Shearer asked her.



She said her family was half Italian, half German.

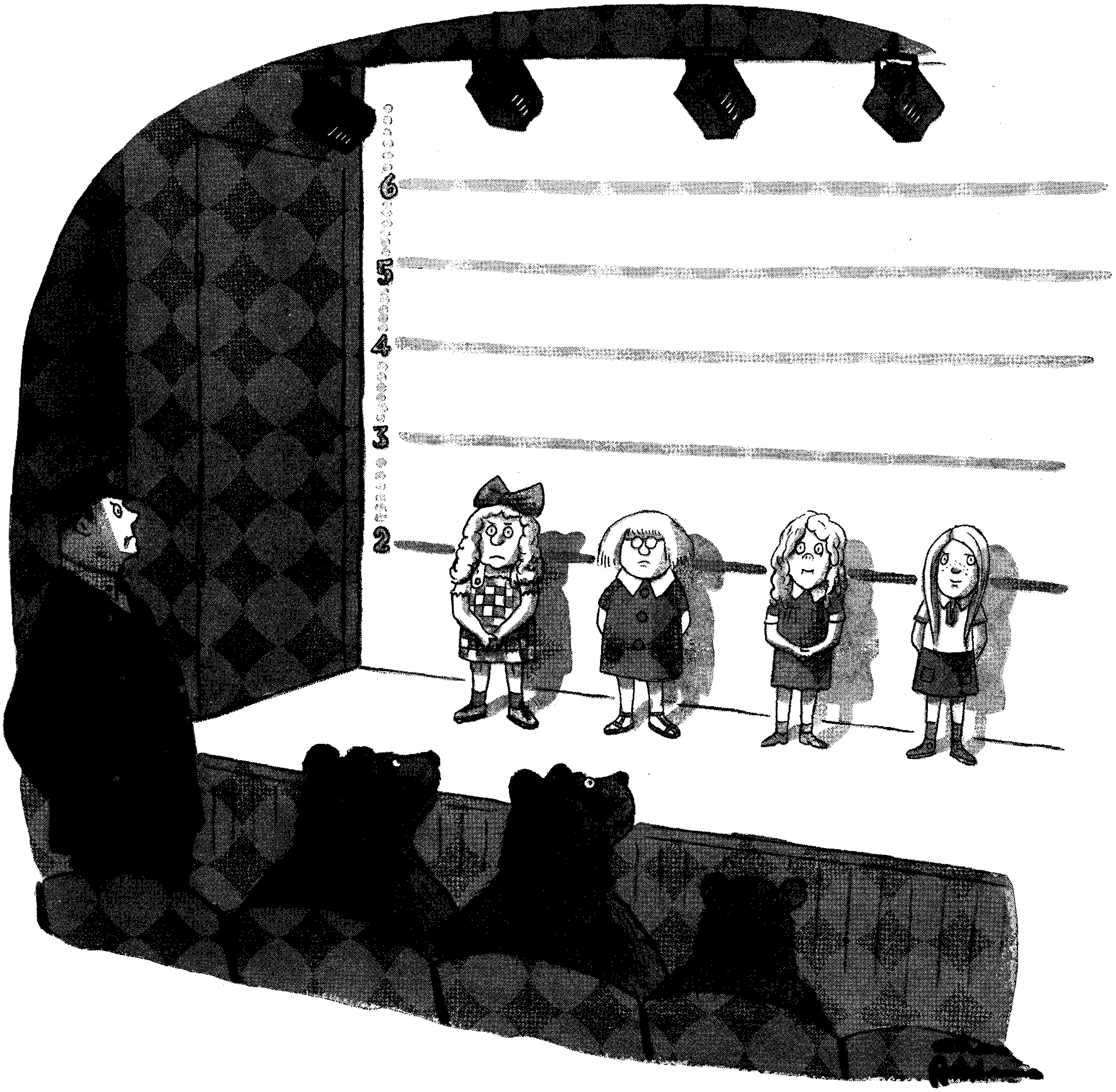
"Ah," said Shearer. "*Mezzo tedesco.* And do you know the longest word in Italian and the longest word in German?"

"No," she said.

" '*Precipitevolissimevolmente*,' " he said. "That means if you climb too high you fall suddenly and plummetingly to the exact same spot you started from. And '*Donaudampfschiffahrtsgesellschaftskapitän*.' That's a captain on a boat of a Danube shipping company."

In a million years, I would never think of opening an accordion store. I have been a research chemist all my life—I mean, ever since I have been a chemist. Before that, I was wanting to be one, and preparing to be one, from the time I was three and found out my father was a research chemist. So while my wife tried the concertinas I talked to Shearer. "Can I ask you two questions?" I said. "What is the Alas Accordion Company? And how did you get into this business?"

"It's an acronym," he said. "Azienda Lavorazione Armoniche Società—my own brand that I market. I also invented my own accordion, the Arpeggio Accordion, which uses the best of the features I've liked in other accordions—fast keyboard, silent bass, special muting effects. I didn't lay plans to be in the business. I was born in Austria, and then, when Hitler came in, I went to Italy, where I became a tap-dancer. That just sort of happened, by itself. Tap-dancing was a tremendous craze in Italy in the thirties, and the Mussolini government allowed for-



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eigners to work in show business. The Italians loved Fred Astaire pictures, and all dance pictures, and I went to 'Broadway Melody of 1936' and copied every move Eleanor Powell made. I was billed as an American dancer, the '*ballerino-mitragliatrice*,' which means 'machine-gun dancer,' and then I joined a touring company, where I sat in the orchestra with a guitar, wearing a Mickey Mouse shirt—Buddy Ebsen used to wear a Mickey Mouse shirt when he was a great slow dancer—and then the manager would come out and say, 'The dancer didn't show up. What are we going to do? Doesn't anybody know how to dance?' And I would stand up and dance. Then the government said that only Aryans could work in show business, so I came to this country, where the theatrical agents had signs in their windows saying 'NO TAP-DANCERS WANTED.' But then I got drafted, and the American Army, when I told them I had been a tap-dancer, trained me to work in the motor pool, and, when I said I could speak Italian and German, posted me to Hawaii. In Hawaii, I picked up a little Japanese, so when we got to Okinawa I was made a Japanese interpreter, with a big desk, in some liberated ministry. The first day, a lieutenant brought in a Japanese man who was talking loudly and continuously. I thought I could pick out the word 'bicycle,' so I said, 'Don't bother about this man. I'm busy, and he wants us to find a bicycle someone's stolen.' Two hours later, all the lights in our camp went out—the man had been saying that someone had stolen the electric transformer on the roof. But I didn't stop, I kept the job, and after the war, back in the States, when I needed a job, I got into the accordion business because a friend of mine from the Italian stage, a silhouette dancer—his brother owned an accordion factory. I had to take accordion lessons when I started. I also fly my own plane."

My wife picked out the Italian concertina, and she can already play "Lady of Spain," and I have no idea what is going to happen next. But New Year's Eve is just around the corner, you know.

FRANK GRANGE, FICTIONATOR

(AN INTERVIEW BY ROY DARTMOUTH HOLMES)

WHEN I first became aware of the novelist and critic Frank Grange, I was taking a junior year abroad at the American Academy in Boissiere-en-Verre, a suburb in the South of France. Each May, the Academy hosted a colloquium with an international roster of participants. The year was 1963, and I shall never forget the excitement when Grange, obscured by the smoke from two packs of Home Run cigarettes, presented his now classic paper "Toward the Ineffable: A Pronouncing Gazetteer"—the most provocative challenge of that annual pause in the history of ideas.

Beginning with "Too Soon, the Petits Fours" (1939), Grange has knitted a string of critical successes, among them "Derision of Grackles" (1946), "Young Pemmican" (1963), and "Topeka, Threepeka" (1972). Recognition has been late but lavish, and has included the Prix Unique and, most recently, the coveted Chalice of Competence. His translations of the "Diskō Eclogues" and "Sappho's Farewell to Paula" are widely known, as are his frequent essays and reviews in *Forehead* and *La seule revue qui compte.*

Arriving for the interview at Grange's home, in New Wyfe, Connecticut, I was welcomed by the second Mrs. Grange, a stunning and withdrawn woman holding a plate of the freshest gingersnaps I had ever seen. She took me to Grange, who right off insisted on my employing the familiar "you" form, though I had met him but the one time before. Eager to talk but also to listen, he kept one hand cupped as an acoustical aide—the only gesture that caused me to ponder his often cited vanity, drawing attention as it did to his (indeed) fine, tiny ears. Except for bifocals and a receding hairline, he might have been a young schoolgirl.

ROY DARTMOUTH HOLMES: Do you mind if we take care of the "overwhelming question" first? What is your writing schedule like? Any gimmicks?

FRANK GRANGE: I'm glad you use the word—I've always found the obsession with the mechanics of one's craft crazy. Still, we can't know what people centuries from now will find helpful. So often, I think you'll find, the fount of genius springs from a fountain pen of quality. This is mine: the Mark Cross Perma-Muse 1000. The odometer is activated by a switch; nights, I cover it with this little quilt. That in hand, most days I get to work by seven, go until noon. Lunch is at my desk: a small salad, a cold cut. If I'm stuck on something, I may watch the kids play; maybe give the bird some flying time. Then back to work.

R.H.: I see you use graph paper.

F.G.: That's it, yes. Five boxes to the inch. I try to stay with the work—i.e., with the pen, with the paper—until around five, five-thirty. Then supper, the family. I generally excuse myself by six, for a final scrimmage at the desk that lasts until ten or eleven. Sometimes we decline an invitation. Otherwise very habitual, even chronic.

R.H.: Then that's the "secret" of your prolificacy?

F.G.: Yes. I don't write at a Trollope, as it were, nor do I care to measure my work in that way. If I can fill fifteen hundred boxes in a day, I know I've written sixty square inches. In two months . . . that's a little under half a pound. I'm content with that.

R.H.: Have you ever been tempted to take anything to increase your output? Alter your consciousness?

F.G.: Writing is a serious business. You can't get around that, and no manner of goofball or vitamin supplement is going to stock the pantry of the heart with experience or insight.

R.H.: I think too few of our young writers understand that.

F.G.: It's sobering to think that François Villon, for instance, cannot have known coffee. My doctor is of the old school, and the most he'll prescribe for me is a very light tablet of something called Barbadoze—a gentle analgesic and exultant. About the lift you get when the dog brings your slippers.

R.H.: Then you've never really experimented—

F.G.: Did you ever try Trankettes? I wrote all of "The Great Crèche" on those, and when I came down, I hadn't the faintest idea what it said, or why I was being handed a necklace of bear claws by the mayor of Fairbanks. I'd be too scared to try that again.

R.H.: That book seems to have generated more discussion than your other works combined. Is this discouraging? I'm thinking, say, of Hugh Lyon's reading of the hero, where Kittenz is not so much charmed as he is horribly disfigured by the Badenock sisters.

F.G.: This is a credible reading, especially if you remember that the weave of his sports jacket is the same as Muffy's kilt. But if the whole thing is seen as a kind of parody of the narrative, a double-knit "meta-yarn," so to speak—

R.H.: I know at what you're driving. Nabokov, in one of the works, observes how often life imitates Zola. I've always thought—

F.G.: A proud man. But capable. I used to tease him: "Sasha," I would say, "are you *sure* you didn't write 'Papillon'?" (*Laughs*)

R.H.: What did he say?

F.G.: I've forgotten. Possibly he was a little awed. As you yourself have pointed out, Barney—

R.H.: "Roy."

F.G.: Just testing. I can't stand an interviewer who hasn't done his homework.

R.H.: Tell me, what's been your response to the notion that the novel's traditional features—plot, omniscience, pagination, and so on—are now obsolete?

F.G.: Unfortunately, that's like asking, "Which makes a heartier soup, pearl barley or Pearl Bailey?"

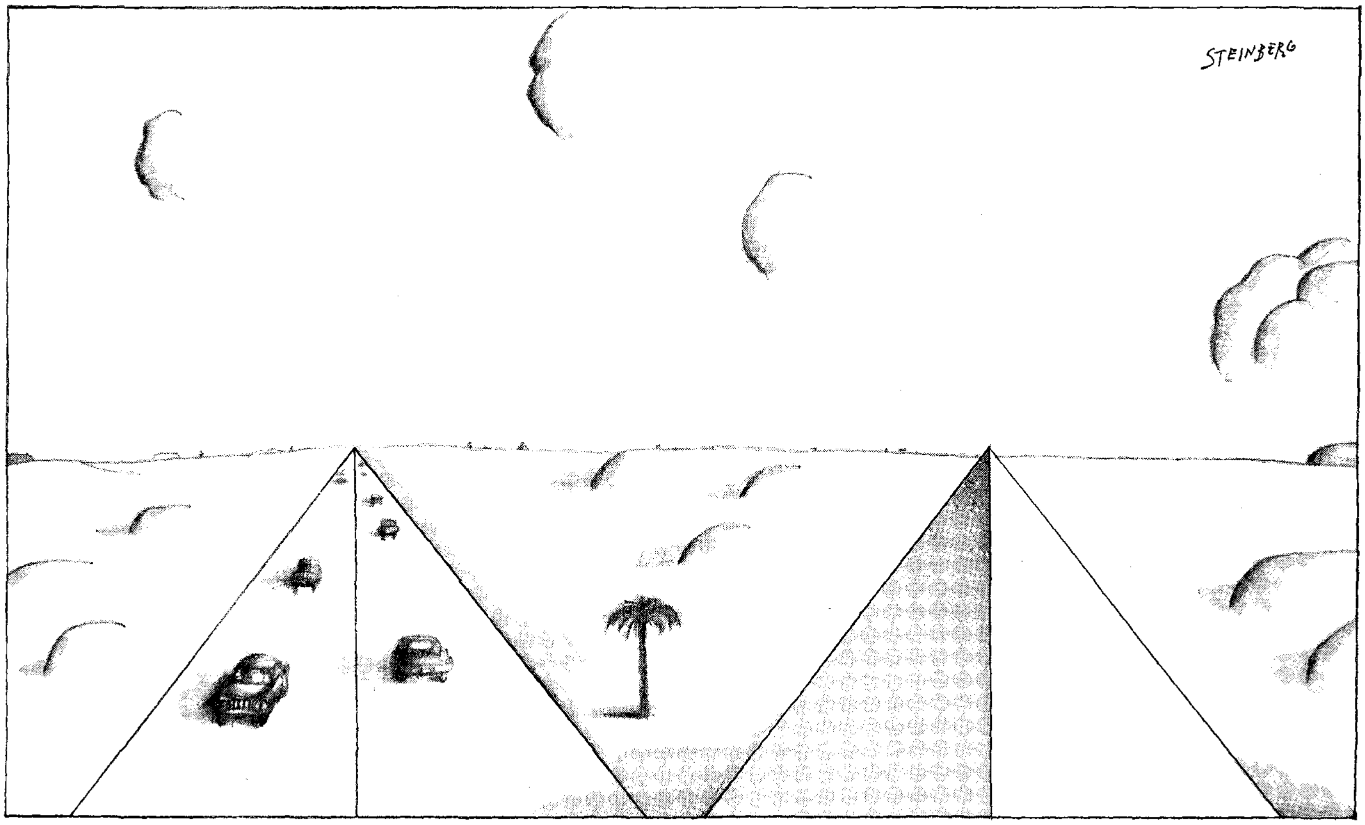
R.H.: I'm thinking of those who would make the novel "relevant," in the sense of its addressing contemporary social or scientific thinking. Do you feel this responsibility? In your own case, toward something like the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, no-bounce checking . . .

F.G.: I respect the attempts of my doughtier confreres, but aren't they getting carried away? If they'd applied the law of gravity to music, there would have been no real high notes after Newton. Would we still be listening to a Bellini "Norman"?

R.H.: Then you *do* have a point of view.

F.G.: Now you've caught me. I'd intended to save this for a later book, but no matter. Theories are fine—in theory. But out of the hands of trained specialists they tend to tyrannize the best instincts of the ordinary reader. My son is in the ninth grade—frighteningly sharp. I asked him how he was liking "Madame Bovary"—

R.H.: Flaubert.



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F.G.: Yes, *the author—and he said* he couldn't bear all the "gestaltist adjectives," the "forced corralling" of his senses. This, to him, is "gross." He prefers the essential bareness of a centerfold.

R.H.: Still, could one say there is more integrity in an object that is not simply a repository of sensations or symbols? Is there perhaps something noble in such an object's refusing—as someone has said—"with all the churlishness of its elsewhere to wow the reader with its scrutability"?

F.G.: Of course! I'd refuse, too.

R.H.: Yet you yourself are not innocent of the charge of manipulating the reader. How do you account for the incredible details in the long rinse-cycle section of "Aurora Bored All of Us"?

F.G.: Let's be candid. The Nexta-Godliness Laundromat actually exists. With five in the family, my wife spends days there. She buzzes when she gets home. If I'm at a stopping point, I get the door. Her arms are full, she wears a glazed expression. But the windfall for me is that she can't sleep until she's recited the whole experience, transmuting it as she goes into a kind of lyrical effluvium. I just take it down. When she finally transcribes my notes, I think her relief must be tremendous.

R.H.: Who interests you? Stravinsky?

F.G.: Yeah.

R.H.: *But* who got you started? Was it someone, or some thing?

F.G.: Well, of course it all began with reading. As a youngster, I was ravenous and indiscriminate: "Rats, Lice & History," Clausewitz's "Vom Kriege"—

R.H.: You were bilingual?

F.G.: No. But at that age you don't know enough to be daunted. I can't, in fact, imagine how I understood that—or the "Tractatus," for that matter. Then I'd go back just as happily to something like "The Encyclopedia of Horses." I knew the rations for a brood mare before I knew what it was to brood.

R.H.: I know you knew Ulrike Bildung.

F.G.: So do I.

R.H.: What was she like?

F.G.: A lady and a scholar. I remember she always kept a basket of large nuts on the table, and would hold your attention by rotating them over and over in one hand, like Captain Queeg. The hypnotic part was that they were coconuts.

R.H.: She must have had wonderfully large hands.

F.G.: Yes.

R.H.: Are there any bêtes noires we haven't covered?

F.G.: Let's see. . . . This is hardly a preoccupation: still, I'm finding *The New York Review's* continuing brief against Princess Margaret's divorce a bit tedious. Though they're not alone. The editorial eyeball generally has got too long, and the light is falling just short of the retina. Do I sound extreme?

R.H.: No, relatively mild. I'm thinking of the protracted keening when the adjective passed away.

F.G.: Still, you notice how eager everybody was to have a hand in the autopsy. Then right off we were asked to limit ourselves to an "interrogation" of objects, a "cross-examination" of the given. You had to get a warrant to use a noun.

R.H.: What can be next? Up with what do we end?

F.G.: Harsher sentences? No, honestly, I don't know. I'm working on a long essay just now, where I distinguish between the real and the ןɐǝɹ.

R.H.: Yes, *go on. . . .*

F.G.: I guess for the moment I'd rather leave the cat in the bag.

—PRUDENCE CROWTHER

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WASHINGTON (AP)—FOR THE TIN MAN IN THE WIZARD OF OZ, SALVATION WAS AS NEAR AS AN OIL CAN, BUT IN THE REAL WORLD RUST CAN DO MORE PERMANENT DAMAGE, COSTING YOU MONEY AND EVEN POSING DANGER.

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS HAS CONDUCTED EXTENSIVE RESEARCH INTO THE PROBLEMS OF CORROSION, DETERMINING ITS CAUSES AND INVESTIGATING THE BEST METHODS OF PREVENTING AND REMOVING THE PROBLEM.

BUST IT

—A.P. wire dispatch.

Too simplistic.

MOVING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE

AT ten-thirty in the evening, while I was reading and my wife, Janet, was studying, the apartment-lobby doorbell buzzed. When I asked through the speaking tube who it was, a voice said, "Dina." I let her in.

Janet pushed back her long black hair and said, "Dina? At this hour? What's she doing *here*? Tom, how can I work?"

"Well, let's see what she wants."

Dina was twenty. Her mother, Ann, my first cousin—a pleasant, unobtrusive woman—had brought her to see us in Connecticut last summer. Dina had been in America since April, and Ann came from Greece to join her on a vacation. They were visiting relatives on a safari that extended from Pennsylvania through New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. It soon became clear that Dina was husband-hunting, dragging her mother from place to place. During their stay with us, whenever we were talking Dina languished, remote in a world of cosmetics and hair-washings and decisions about clothes. I could see that she was ready for the next leg of the journey, where her victim—innocent, unknowing—would be carrying out his normal routine.

Ann and Dina were with us for three sunny days. One afternoon, we took a slow walk through a nearby coastal village. Ann was enjoying our three-year-old son, Mark. But all the while I felt a whip stinging us forward: Come on, we must see this boy; I have the address; let's go. Dina pouted as we strolled past Federal sea captains' houses, under tall shade trees. We went through an *allée* to a small green park. We stood in a white gazebo, covered with a green umbrella roof, that overlooked the harbor. Mark laughed out loud at the stiff sea breeze ruffling his soft brown hair like a bird's breast. The rough blue sea glittered.

Back home, Janet and I prepared dinner while Ann played with Mark. She was delighted with him—his world, his curiosity. Dina hardly seemed aware that he existed. And when for a moment she did try to give him affection, he pulled away, shook his head, and brought his toys and questions to his Théa Anna. Ann played games with him, and in good English, very softly, she told him stories and answered his questions.

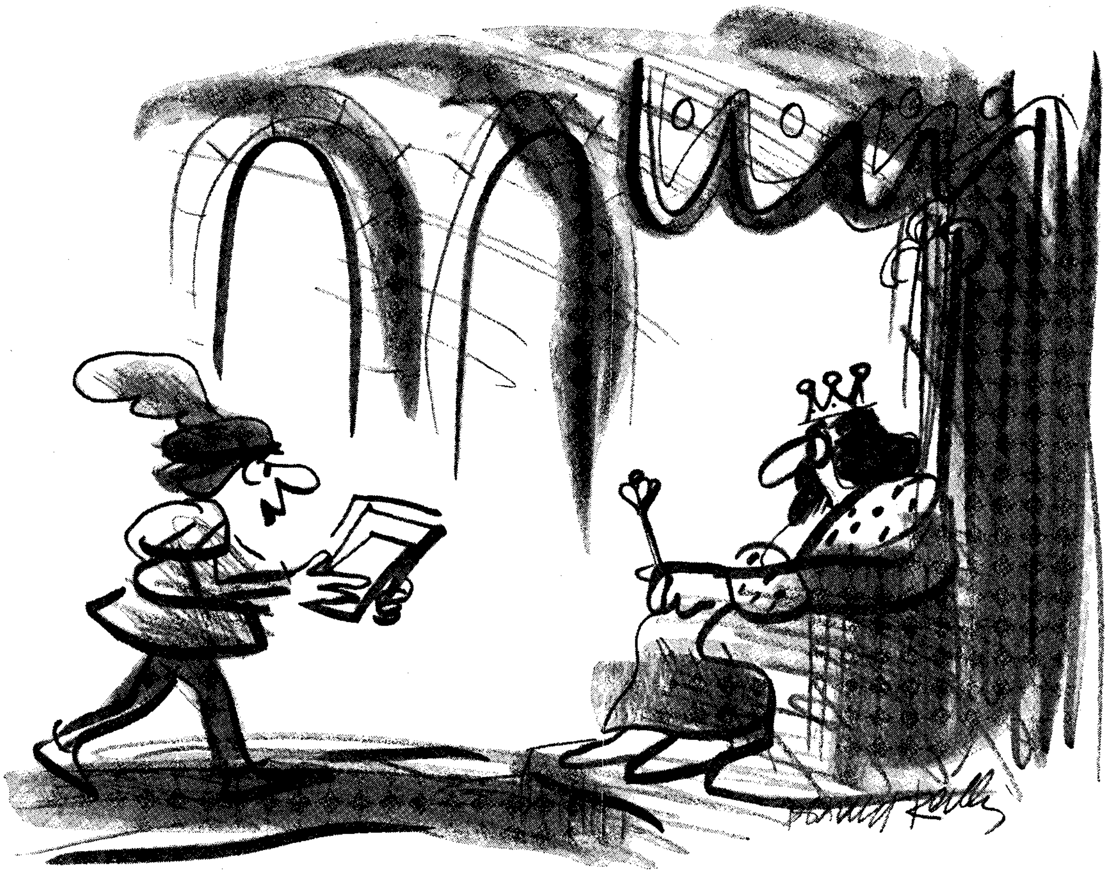
Dina was in the bathroom with the door shut for a long time. She came out with rollers in her hair and sat on the sofa, filed her nails and painstakingly painted them a glowing salmon pink, and absently turned the pages of a fashion magazine. We tried to draw her into our conversation about houses, relatives, old age, children, the elusive meaning of happiness. But she remained silent, apart, not interested in our dull world. And yet if, in a way, she was a weight, she was also a kind of magnet: I felt her drawing presence, a powerful force—and so she made her connection with us.

That evening, at a department store, we bought Ann a small red plastic cassette-player and Dina a good dress. Then we went to my father's house.

We found him, small and still, in his worn living room, with the lights off, watching color television. The color on the screen seemed extraordinarily vivid and bright. His sister, seventy, two years younger than he, hovered in the background and hardly spoke. My mother and Ann's mother were sisters; they had died in their late thirties of tuberculosis within a year of each other, when I was eleven years old. After that, my father had sent for this unmarried sister in Greece to take care of my sister, my brother, and me. It turned out that she was mentally not a strong woman, so my father didn't have an easy time of it. He worked long, hard hours, and we seldom saw him. When we did, he was tired and belligerent. My aunt never assimilated American ways and withdrew as the years passed. Now the two of them lived together in silent old age. Occasionally, my father mentioned my mother tenderly, and I knew that he still thought of her.

Ann and Dina sat on the sofa, and my aunt brought little pieces of sweet *ravani* and glasses of ice water and then slipped through an open archway into the dining room and sat in shadows.

My father and Ann talked about her mother and mine, and about other relatives—most of them dead now—who had emigrated from a Greek village fifty years ago. One of them, I heard my father say for the first time, was shot to death by gangsters in the sixties in Detroit. His murder had to do with heavy gambling debts. That seemed amazing to me—



"Good news, Sire. The mail today is all homage."

"Let's disco, you old stodge!"

• •

my family, our life were so ordinary. Mark and Janet played with an old worn deck of cards. Janet didn't talk—all the conversation was in Greek, and Janet is not of Greek origin. After a proper amount of time had passed, we left. Ann's long, strong-featured face, surrounded by stylishly cut stove-black hair, looked pale and sad and gaunt. She must have been thinking of her mother, and possibly of mine.

The next day, Dina took Ann away in a little blue Vega. (A cousin of Dina's from her father's side, who lived in New Jersey, had lent it to her. He owed Dina's father a favor. He had paid Dina's air fare in April—her ticket was good for a year.) Janet and I hated to see Ann leave—it seemed that we had hardly opened our mouths to speak and she was gone. One summer fifteen years ago, I stayed with Ann for a month in Greece, and we used to talk whole afternoons away. And then Janet and I had visited her on our honeymoon.

I remembered Dina when she was about five—a dark, pretty child with an odd touch of melancholy, who played quietly in the garden, talking to her dolls, reprimanding them, beating them, and then crushing them with hugs and hysterical, endearing phrases. Later, as an adolescent, she was quick to help others and quick to blush—I liked her very much. Now she was a young woman, hurrying away; she wanted to see a young man she had met a month before at a wedding in New York. He was working in our area somewhere in a pizza shop. Ah. That was why she had pouted yesterday. It happened that the seaside village where we had walked was not far from this boy's place of employment. Dina and Ann sped away on a warm sunny afternoon, leaving Mark downcast to see his Théa Anna depart.

When they were gone, Janet and I admitted that we both felt the oppressive force of Dina lift and vanish. Driven by guilt over Dina and sadness over her mother's departure—she was fifty-five; how many more opportunities would we have to talk to her?—we went straight to work. Janet did the laundry and Mark helped her, in his fashion. I went into the kitchen and vigorously chopped eggplant, zucchini, green peppers, onions, and tomatoes to make a ratatouille: my father had shown me how.

That evening, at dinner, I said, "Well, Ann's gone. Dina monopolized her visit, rushed her away from us. Maybe next time we'll see her in Greece and have a chance to talk. At least Dina's gone, too."

But Dina wasn't gone. Three months later, in early November, here she was—still in America, in our town, ringing our bell at ten-thirty.

THE apartment-door chimes, their two notes usually a pleasant sound, seemed alarming now. Sitting still on the sofa, Janet shook her head and looked at the floor. I opened the door and saw no one. I looked around the doorjamb. My cousin George, Ann's brother, stood there like a dark mouse.

"George!" I said. "It's been years! How are you? Come in!" We embraced and kissed on both cheeks. Dina followed meekly, and we kissed, too. I introduced Janet to George. She made coffee, and we all sat down in the living room. After a few inquiries about the family, we waited to find out what was going on. George chain-smoked. He sat quietly—fifty years old, wiry, with black wavy hair, dark eyes, and a classic Greek nose. With only a hint of an accent, he told us about Dina.

After she left us that summer day, she found the boy at the pizza shop and liked him. So she had stayed in Rhode Island with an aunt and gone back and forth visiting him. In the meantime, Ann had returned to Greece. Now Dina had decided that she might want to marry this boy—Andreas. At this point, Andreas's relatives had tried to break up the romance because the family needed him financially and didn't want him to marry for a while. Bad words were exchanged with various relatives of his. They even called Ann in Greece. Ann called Dina and told her to come right home. Dina didn't want to, but she had to obey. She packed and went to George's in the Bronx, sadly preparing to leave for Greece. As soon as she got there, she told George in detail all that had happened. She said that she wanted to marry Andreas. She pleaded with George to persuade her parents to let her stay in America. After all, she was twenty years old—she should be able to manage her own life. So George drove his car, following Dina up the Connecticut coast to our town. He ironed things out with the angry relatives, met Andreas and his mother and

THE ROUNDHOUSE VOICES

In full glare of sunlight I came here, man-tall but thin
as a pinstripe, and stood outside the rusted fence
with its crown of iron thorns while
the soot cut into their lungs with tiny diamonds.
I walked through houses with my grain-lovely slugger
from Louisville that my uncle bought, and stood
in the sun which made its glove soft on my hand
until I saw my chance to crawl under and get past
anyone who would demand a badge and a name.

The guard hollered that I could get the hell from there quick
when I popped in his face like a thief. All I ever wanted
to steal was life and you can't get that easy
in the grind of a railyard. *You can't catch me,*
lard-ass, I can go left or right good as the Mick
I hummed to him, holding my slugger by the neck
for a bunt laid smooth where the coal cars
jerked and let me pass between tracks
until, in a slide on ash, I fell safe and heard
the wheeze of his words: *Who the hell are you, kid*?

I hear them again tonight, Uncle, hard as big brakeshoes,
when I lean over your face in the box of silk. The years
you spent hobbling from room to room alone crawl
up my legs and turn this house to another
house, round and black as defeat, where slugging
comes easy when you whip the gray softball over
the glass diesel globe. Footsteps thump on the stairs
like that fat ball against bricks and, when I miss,
I hear you warn me to watch the timing, to keep
my eyes on your hand and forget the fence,

hearing also that other voice that keeps me out and away
from you on a day worth playing good ball. Hearing
Who the hell... I see myself, like a burning speck
of cinder, come down the hill and through a tunnel
of porches like stands, running on deep ash,
and I give him the finger, whose face still gleams
clear as a B & O headlight, just to make him get up
and chase me into a dream of scoring at your feet.
At Christmas that guard staggered home sobbing,
the thing in his chest tight as a torque-wrench.
In the summer I did not have to run and now

who is the one who dreams of a drink as he leans over
tools you kept bright as a first girl's promise? I
have no one to run from or to, nobody to give
my finger to as I steal his peace. Uncle, the light
bleeds on your gray face like the high barbed-wire
shadows I had to get through and maybe you don't remember
you said to come back, to wait and you'd show me
the right way to take a hard pitch
in the sun that shudders on the ready man. I'm here

though this is a day I did not want to see. In the roundhouse
the rasp and heel-click of compressors is still,
soot lies deep in every greasy fingerprint.
I called you from the pits and you did not come up
and I felt the fear when I stood on the tracks
that are like a star which never makes it
into any kind of light and I don't know who'll
tell me now when the guard sticks his blind snoot
between us to take off and beat the bastard out.
Can you hear him over the yard, grabbing his chest,
cry out *Who the goddam hell are you, kid*?

I gave him every name in the book, Uncle, but he caught us,
and what good did all those hours of coaching do?
You lie on your back, eyeless forever, and I think
how once I climbed to the top of a diesel and stared
into that gray roundhouse glass where, in anger,
you threw up the ball and made a star
to swear at greater than the Mick ever dreamed.
It has been years but now I know what flowed there
every morning the sun came up, not light
but the puffing bad-bellied light of words.

All day I have held your hand, trying to say back that life,
to get under that fence with words I lined
and linked up and steamed into a cold room
where the illusion of hope means skin torn in boxes
of tools. The footsteps come pounding into words
and even the finger I give death is words
that won't let us be what we wanted, each one
chasing and being chased by dreams in a dark place.
Words are all we ever were and they did us
no damn good. Do you hear that?

Do you hear the words that, in oiled gravel, you gave me
when you set my feet in the right stance to swing?
They are coal-hard and they come in wings
and loops like despair not even the Mick
could knock out of this room, words softer
than the centers of hearts in guards or uncles,
words skinned and numbed by too many bricks.
I have had enough of them and bring them back here
where the tick and creak of everything dies
in your tiny starlight and I stand down
on my knees to cry *Who the hell are you, kid*?

—Dave Smith

• •

father, and talked things over. He called Ann in Greece and got Dina a reprieve. And now he was here, explaining.

Janet sat on the sofa, immobile. I could see that she was dismayed by these Byzantine convolutions. I was only a little bewildered. I knew the Greeks—everything they did had to be complicated and difficult and clouded. But I knew as well that when the troubles were over it would seem that a calm, orderly event had occurred, as clear as the air of Greece itself.

I said to George, "And did you like Andreas?"

"He's all right. He's... quiet."

"And his parents?"

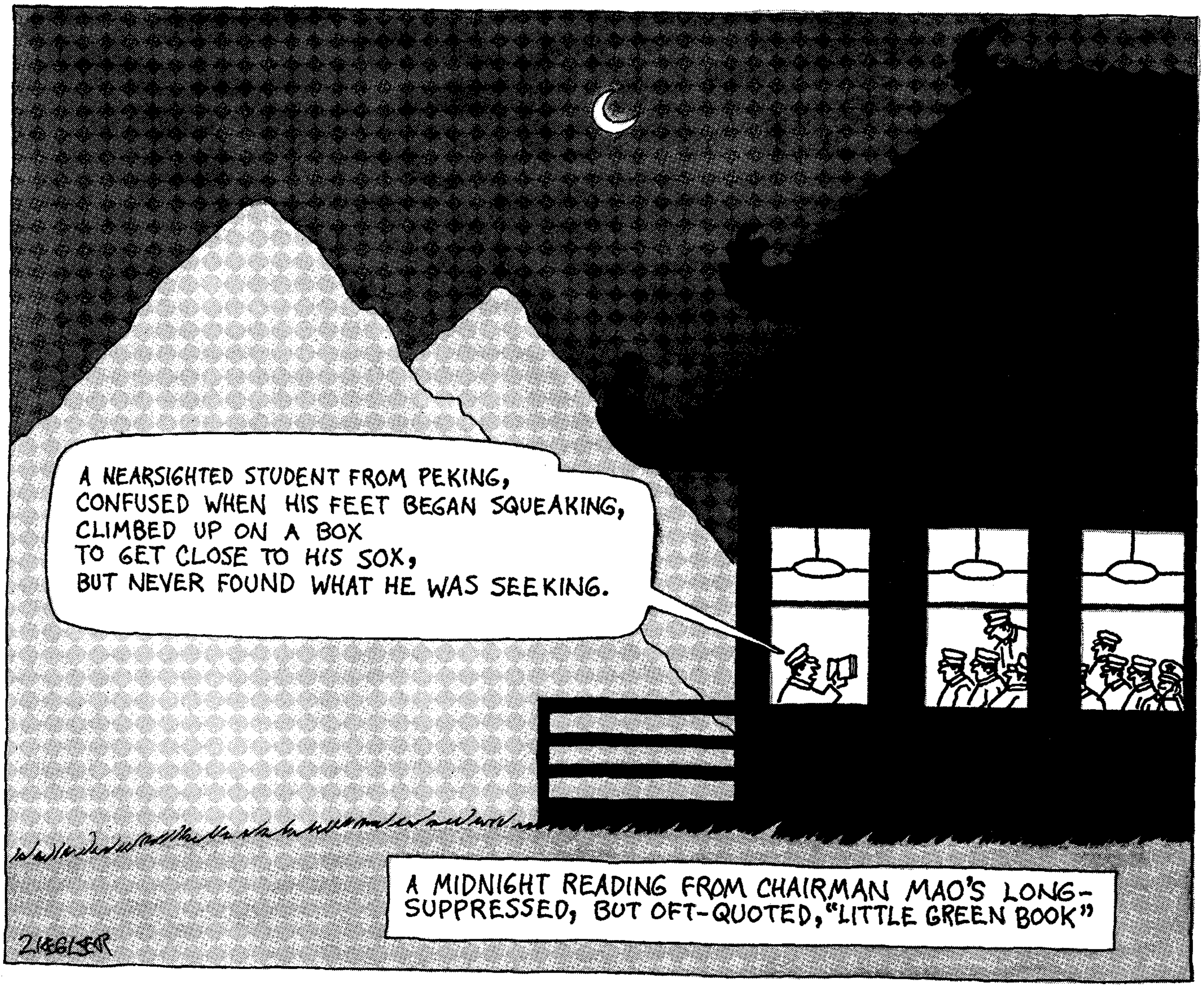
"They're all right."

"So," I said.

"*Aftá*," George said, with a little wave of his cigarette. It means literally "those things," but with a shrug and under these circumstances it meant "And so that's how it is, and what can we do but live with the mess."

Silence.

Janet was sitting at one end of the sofa. Dina sat at the other, studying


A NEARSIGHTED STUDENT FROM PEKING,
CONFUSED WHEN HIS FEET BEGAN SQUEAKING,
CLIMBED UP ON A BOX
TO GET CLOSE TO HIS SOX,
BUT NEVER FOUND WHAT HE WAS SEEKING.
A MIDNIGHT READING FROM CHAIRMAN MAO'S LONG-SUPPRESSED, BUT OFT-QUOTED, "LITTLE GREEN BOOK"
ZIEGLER

• •

first George and then me with narrowed eyes. Her hair was dark, long, lifeless. She had olive skin and black eyes, a touch of acne, a pretty face beneath worry and sleeplessness that showed in mauve circles under her eyes. She was tall and overweight but had slim calves and fine ankles. With some sleep, a proper diet, careful grooming, she would look quite lovely.

I said, "Well?"

George kept smoking. He said, "I wondered if you could keep Dina a couple nights here until you found a Greek family for her to stay with."

I glanced at Janet; her expression didn't change, but I saw a small explosion. A college teacher, she was on sabbatical this year, working on her doctorate. With her studies and Mark, with me and the apartment, her life was packed full. But we had an obligation—this was my first cousin's child, it was late in the evening, she had nowhere to sleep. She sat with her eyes still narrowed, her jaw firmly set. She was going to stay in this town and marry this Andreas and nothing was going to stop her.

"We'll be happy to keep Dina a couple of nights," I said. "But you can see that the apartment is small. We don't have an extra room. I wish we did. It's all right, though—don't worry. She can sleep here on the sofa until we make other arrangements."

George looked relieved. Dina's magnetic force shifted from him and insidiously began to pull at me.

Before long, George left: we embraced and he was on his way, driving late at night back to the Bronx; he had to get up very early in the morning and go to work.

I took Dina aside and explained about Janet's studies; I told her that we must be quiet.

"Of course," she said, in a thick whisper, and blinked.

THAT night, Dina slept on the sofa. The next morning, she scolded Mark, who ran whooping through the apartment. He went through all his morning routines: interruptions at breakfast, TV, bathroom, difficult dressing—lost shoe, buttons, zippers, protests. Somehow we were ready on time and I drove Janet to the college library and Mark to the babysitter's, where he played every day for four hours; that way I could do my own work here alone in the apartment.

Dina went off to see Andreas. He worked six days a week, eleven hours a day, and he was only home mornings until noon. He had smashed up his car, and Dina was driving him to and from work.

We didn't see her again until eleven that night.

I said, "We saved dinner for you, and we wondered where you were."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I was at Andreas's mother's house most of the day." That was all. It was the beginning of her mysterious movements.

I asked if she really intended to

marry Andreas, and she said yes.

"When?"

"Oh, maybe in six months."

"How will you live in those six months?"

"I don't know. I'll have to get some job or something."

I could see her—idle, here on the sofa for six months. I thought of the cramped conditions, our work, Mark.

I said, "Dina, we must go to the priest to see if he knows a Greek family that might keep you."

"No," she said. "I don't want to get mixed up with the Grik pipple here at all. They are all mean, gossips, worse than in Greece. Much worse."

She slept on the sofa another night and in the morning growled at Mark; then she hid deep under the covers while we tiptoed around and tried to keep him quiet.

On the way to the college, Janet said, "We can't live like this. Don't you see? She has no intention of doing anything."

"I'll have to do something," I said.

When I got back to the apartment, Dina was gone. I called my brother, Ted, and explained the situation, and asked him if we should call the priest.

"No," he said. "Look. Call Father and see if he can keep her. He has those empty bedrooms upstairs."

"I considered that," I said. "But do you think he wants anyone there?"

"If he doesn't, we'll think of something else."

That evening, Dina was still out, and Janet and I took Mark and went to my father's. We sat in the living room and talked for a while, and I took a deep breath and told him about Dina, about Andreas, about her plans to marry. Then I asked if she could live there for six months.

He consented at once, seemed mild about it—in the old days, when he was fierce, he would have put up a fight even if he had wanted her to come and stay. Now it was as if he would welcome the company of a young person. He had been mean to my sister when she was in love and wanted to marry; she had finally eloped. Maybe he remembered.

Janet and I left the house, happy that we had found a relative's home for Dina, happy that she would be out of our tight quarters.

Then I felt guilty again. But I told myself that I was, after all, a Greek. If you're a Greek, you're guilty about everything you do or don't do for your relatives. And you live with your guilt.

That night, Dina buzzed the apartment-house door very late. Janet was upset because the buzzer frightened Mark out of sleep and we had to spend some time calming him. In the morning, I told Dina that my father had given permission for her to sleep at his house. She didn't seem overcome with gratitude.

I spent my day with Dina. We went to a department store and I bought sheets, pillowcases, blankets, a mirror, a window shade, other domestic supplies. Then I took her to lunch. In the afternoon, we picked up Janet and Mark and went to my father's house.

It was a beautiful, bright-blue, cold day. We trudged into the house with pails and cleaning liquids and rags. Janet and Dina and I went up the narrow dark stairway and looked at the three rooms that had been closed off. Dina chose my mother's old room, on the west side of the house. My mother had spent part of the last year of her life in it. We pushed open the oak-stained door. It made a pained, cracking noise. I was shocked. I hadn't been in the room for years. I remembered it as pretty and warm and comfortable; now it was a tiny, cold cubicle, with a few old cartons in a corner on the bare wood floor, cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, faded wallpaper, dirt streaked on the window, no light bulb in the porcelain wall socket. It was devoid of furniture.

I could see my mother's bed neatly made, with the sun pouring over a bright-orange bedspread, a polished, gleaming dark bureau with cosmetics bottles and pictures of her children, her knitting loosely gathered on a soft green chair, her red cardigan sweater over her shoulders, the thick nubby texture of her beige wool dress, the high color in her cheeks, a gold locket on a fine chain around her slender neck, her tightly chignoned black, shining hair.

I said nothing.

The three of us tackled the room with brooms and a vacuum cleaner, with mops and rags and pails of sudsy water. We vacuumed dirt and powdery rotted leaves from inside the window casing. We lugged unwieldy parts of a single bed down from the attic and cleaned everything thoroughly and set it up. From other, half-empty rooms we dragged a dulled maple bureau, an old kitchen chair, a bedside table, and curtains and shades. All the while, my aunt stayed in her room with her door three-quarters shut. Her shades were drawn, and I could see her sitting hunched on her bed.

We made Dina's bed and put a linen runner on the bureau and washed the window. I raised the storm glass, leaned out, and looked at the little woods beside the house, where I had played as a child. It was thickly overgrown. The tip of a naked branch tapped gently, softly at a shingle, again and again, beside my mother's window.

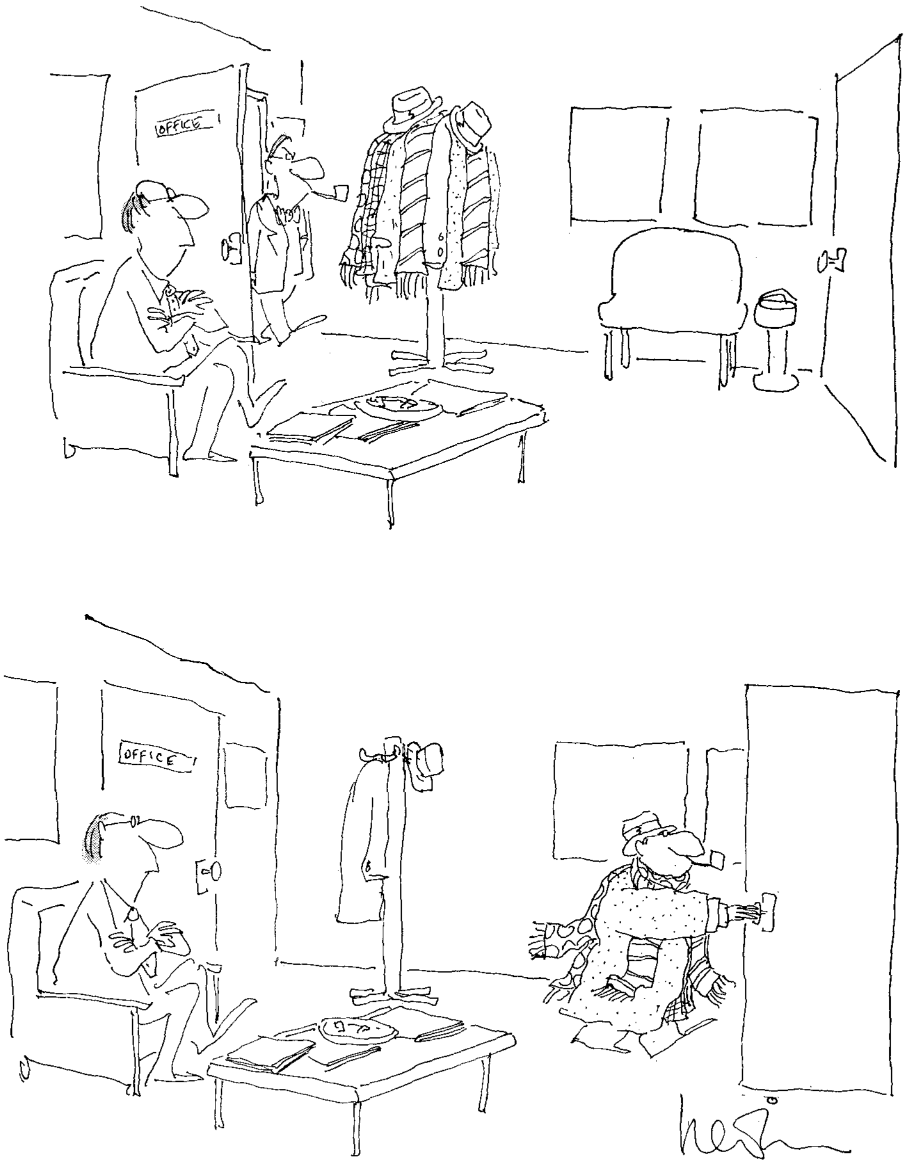
We dragged Dina's impedimenta upstairs. I was amazed at how much stuff she had collected since April. When she began to unpack, I saw a red plastic cassette-player.

"Oh," I said. "Your mother left that with you?"

"No. I, uh, bought one just like hers."

She looked guilty. I let it pass.

My father was down in the kitchen cooking supper. Janet was across the hall, scrubbing the bathroom, which she said was not clean enough—not for her. Mark had been downstairs, watching TV, playing with toy cars, talking to my father. Now he was watching Janet. He got in her way and threw



something into the toilet and she slapped him. He came to me and wept. I dried his tears and held him up and let him lean out the window. I whispered, "This was your grandmother's room, Mark, a long time ago." He laughed and talked about the trees. When I tried to take him away, he held on and screamed, and when I put him on the floor he threw a dustpan out the window. I hit him once, hard, and he cried, and I knelt and hugged and kissed him. Dina gave him a dirty look. I felt like saying, "You're not much different."

The room was finished. The rust-colored mesh draperies looked fresh; everything was clean and shiny. We shut the door and went downstairs to the kitchen.

My father moved to the foot of the stairs and shouted to my aunt, "The food is ready!" In a moment, she came pattering downstairs in her brown corduroy men's slippers and sat at the table like an obedient nun. Her eyes, which had been dark brown, were faded purple. Her hair was wild gray wool. She didn't speak. My father presented the food: homemade chicken soup with vegetables, spaghetti with flecks of lamb, green salad, cheese. Dina sat next to me. She said, with unusual enthusiasm, "This soup is really good." The dinner had a rough charm, but I felt annoyed, and I couldn't find the source of my annoyance. Then I knew. Childhood: disruption, a lack of continuity, loneliness. Janet was demure, Mark slightly raucous. In a little while, I noticed that Dina was no longer around. I asked Janet where she was.

"Didn't you see? As soon as she finished eating, she left."

"You mean she's gone? In her car?"

"Yes."

Jesus. She could at least have offered to help with the dishes.

Janet did them and cleaned up the kitchen and swept, and I helped.

My father said, "I don't think we'll see much of Dina. What does she say about this boy?"

"I haven't heard a lot," I said.

"Have you met him?"

"Not yet."

He looked pensive.

Janet and I thanked him, and we gathered up Mark and left.

On the way home, I said, "You know, I feel sorry for Dina. Here she is trying to make her way, and her life seems lonely, disconnected, lacking in amenities. . . ."

"I know what you mean," Janet said. "But she's involving so many people in her problems. In such a little while. God, look at the confusion."

"It will work out."

"I hope so."

That evening, our apartment was peaceful again. Mark went to sleep, Janet studied, and I read and then watched a little TV. In bed later, while Janet slept, I thought of Dina lying in my mother's tiny room in my father's house, and I hoped that she wasn't cold or lonely.

LATE the next morning, while I was working, the telephone rang. It was Dina. I asked how she had slept, and she said, "Fine." I asked what she was going to do now. She said that she must earn money, that she had to have a job.

"What can you do?" I asked her.

"I can do pizza work."

"Well, let's go out to my brother's pizza shop, then, and see if he needs anyone. If not, maybe he knows someone who does."

"All right."

"I'll be there in half an hour."

"I'm not at your father's house. And Andreas has my car."

"Where are you?"

"I'm at my mother-in-law's." She snickered.

I took down the address and drove across town and got her. Her "mother-in-law" lived in a two-family house not far from my father's. Dina was waiting for me outside.

We drove west to my brother Ted's pizza shop, five miles away. When we went in, Ted—calm, strong, ruddy—was working hard, preparing things for lunchtime.

"You met Dina in the summer," I said to him. "Ann's daughter."

"Sure. How are you, Dina?" My brother spoke softly, shyly. They embraced in a fumbling, embarrassed way.

Dina had coffee, and I told Ted what she wanted. He said that he

"Everyone simply adores her, but he's the interesting one."

• •

needed a girl—one of his evening help was leaving. He talked to Dina—arranged her hours and told her to get a uniform and come in that evening at six o'clock.

In the back room, Ted said to me, "I suppose she'll just suddenly leave next week or something, but what can I do? She's our cousin."

At a uniform shop, Dina bought two nylon outfits: a black-and-white pants suit and a peach-colored dress. I looked at her carefully as she modelled them for me, smiling. I saw how young and radiant she was. I thought, She should be home in Greece. Doing things young people do. She shouldn't be stumbling around here, alone, trying to marry herself off.

SATURDAY evening, I drove out to visit Ted and have a cup of coffee. When I went in, everything was quiet—it was a dead night. Dina kissed me. She said, "Pretty soon, Andreas will be in. He's got my car."

I asked her if she was in love with him.

"I don't know," she said, and two lines appeared between her eyebrows. "I like him. I think I will grow to love him." She paused, then went on, "I like the way he talks. He's not that good-looking, you know. Don't expect to meet someone very handsome. But I don't always go just for looks. He has something. Something good inside him. His *psyché*. I think I could love him."

"Does he love you?"

"I don't know yet."

In a little while, he came in. Dina blushed and introduced him to Ted and me.

It was true—Andreas was not handsome. He was not ugly, either. He was *thin*—small but muscular. He had a prominent nose, a black mustache, and long, styled, wavy black hair. As we sat across from each other talking, I looked at his eyes. They were large, dark, and weary. When he was a child in Greece, his family had moved from a village to the big port city of Piraeus, and he had grown up there. The family was poor. I could see that Andreas had known hard circumstances—he was humble, diffident. But he seemed wily, too—he was someone who knew the ways of the street and of eking out a means to survive. His voice was very light but gangster-rough, like clear water running over gravel in a stream.

Ted went to the back room, and Dina joined Andreas and me. He was polite, but he and Dina carefully kept their secrets. He smoked and blinked occasionally in a tic. I felt sorry for him. I saw that his eyelids were granulated. And then I saw what filled his eyes. Terror. As he and Dina stole glances at each other, I saw this terror flicking back and forth between them. America was not hospitable—except in its opportunities to earn money. These Americans—relatives or strangers—they didn't love you, they didn't give a damn.

When I brought up the question of their intentions, Andreas became agitated and blinked faster. So I pulled back and told myself that it was none of my business, really. What was I, a matchmaker, a maiden-aunt type—snooping, spying?

Still, I said, "Will you and Dina live in America or in Greece?"

"I'm not sure," he said in Greek. He knew very little English. "I think Greece."

"There's a better life there."

He nodded. And then he became excited with anger and said, "There's nothing here but work. It's freezing cold, you can't go out, there's nowhere to go, you're alone, you need a car—everyone goes everywhere by car, it's . . ." He shook his head.

"I understand," I said. "The cafés,

the outdoor life, the good weather of Greece."

"Yes." And more, his eyes said. Warmth, music, real food, customs, dancing, family, camaraderie.

At ten-thirty, he and Dina left.

Ted asked me, "Did you like him?"

"I think so. I don't know him yet."

"Is there maybe something mean about him?"

"Mean, or afraid?"

"Well, it's none of our business, really. She's the one who's choosing him."

"And he's choosing her. Or being forced into something."

"And there are no bargains."

"How's she doing in here?"

"Oh, she knows the business, all right. But she seems lost. I don't know how to explain it—she seems to be somewhere else."

"I know what you mean. In a haze. Maybe her mind is in Greece. Maybe she misses her parents and her friends."

"I think she's trying to figure out her problems with this boy."

"Well, she doesn't have any money of her own, and she told me that Andreas is in debt to his boss and his family, and his car was wrecked—I guess they're financially in a bind. I think they'd get married tomorrow if they could afford it."

A few days later, at about three in the afternoon, the phone rang. It was Ann, calling from Greece. She and her husband, John, were concerned about Dina. She asked me if I had met Andreas.

I said, "Yes. Once. The other evening."

"What did you think of him?"

"He seemed all right."

"What is Dina doing?"

"She's living at my father's house. And she has a job at my brother Ted's pizza shop."

"What else is she doing?"

"I don't know, really. I guess she spends a lot of time with his family. She doesn't tell me much. She seems to want to keep her life a secret. Maybe she's just protecting herself. Everything for her seems to have this . . . aura. I don't know how realistic she's being about herself, about her prospects."

"Tom?"

"Yes?"

"Can you hear me clearly?"

"Yes."

"Listen. I want you to tell Dina to call me collect tonight. John and I want her to return to Greece right away. But don't tell her that. Just tell her to call me collect tonight."

MY father reported that Dina was coming in late nights. He said that he didn't want her to get into any trouble.

Later, at Ted's pizza shop, I asked her about it. She was working in the back room.

"Oh," she stormed, "it's all so stupid!"

"No, it isn't," I said. "You're living at my father's house—he's responsible for you. You have to do what he says."

"I only have to do what my husband says."

"Your *husband*?"

She grinned.

"Dina, I hope you don't do anything you'll regret."

"I won't. Why doesn't everybody leave me alone? I'm not bothering anyone. I just want to work and save money and marry Andreas—that's all."

"Did you call your mother the other night?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"She wants me to come home to Athens, but I'm not going, I told her. Not now."

I said, "Dina, I don't mean to hound you or make your life harder. I want you to be happy. But I also want you to do the right thing." Immediately I felt that I had spoken smugly and regretted it.

"The right thing," she said harshly, sarcastically, as if to say, "You all know so well what the right thing is."

With one foot, she pushed a big galvanized bucket on wheels full of hot, soapy water. She lifted a great mop from it, which she flung onto the floor, and she started scrubbing with strength and anger.

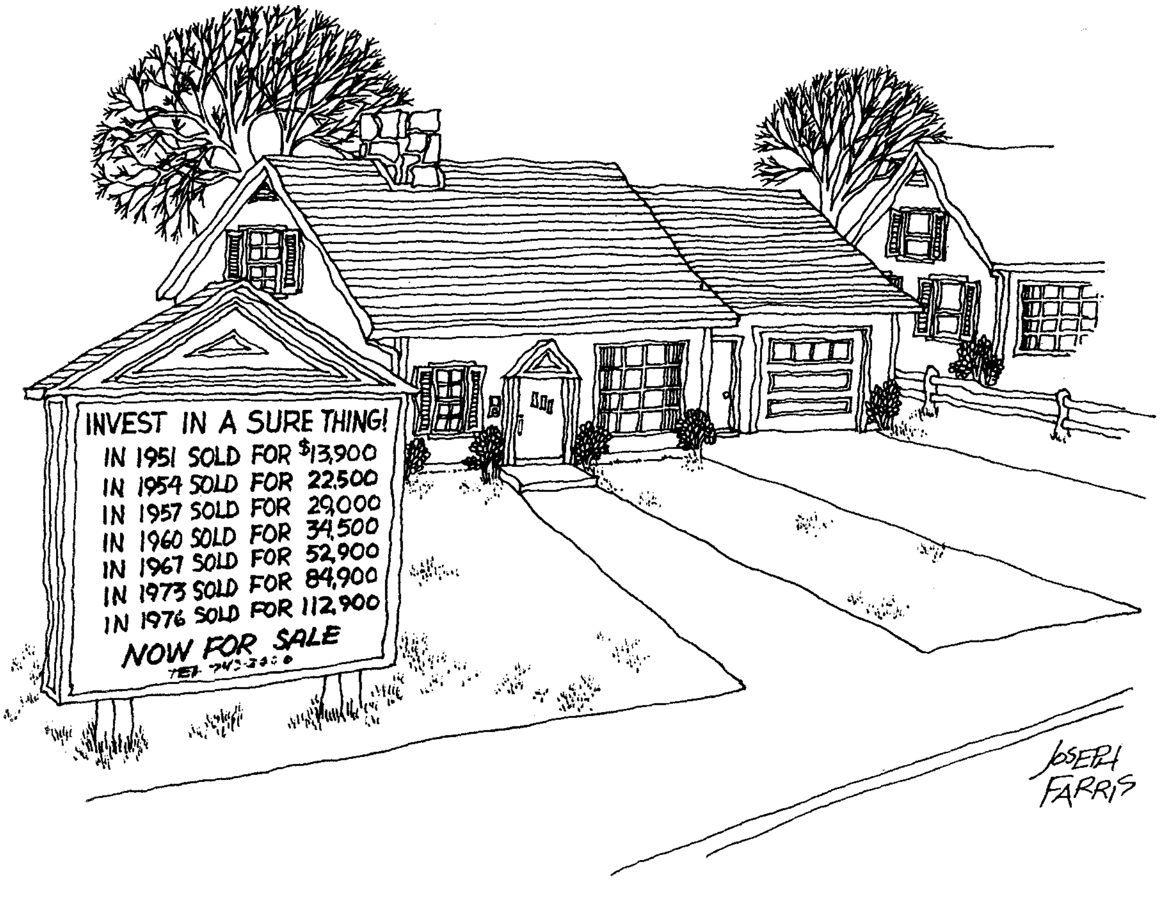
I went out front. When she had finished, she came and sat beside me. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's just that I can't seem to get things to come out right."

"I know. We all went through it."

"Tell me. What does it cost for an apartment around here?"

"For the cheapest, a hundred a month. For a decent place, at least two hundred."

"Two hundred?" She groaned and lit a cigarette. Before her on the table was a Greek pulp magazine that be-



JOSEPH FARRIS

longed to her, *Romántzo*. She opened it and began turning the pages.

I said, "If you marry, do you think you'll live in America?"

"I don't know." After a pause, she said, "If Andreas could borrow ten thousand dollars from the bank, we could set up our own pizza shop."

Ten thousand dollars? Couldn't she ever be realistic?

I asked, "Do you think you'll get married here? Or in Greece?"

She shrugged and said, "It doesn't matter. I just know that the day a girl gets married is the most important day in her life, a day she will always remember best."

"Are all your girl friends in Greece married now?"

"The most of them," she said in a dreamy way. "Yes. They married right out of high school. Some of them already have the baby."

"Would you want a baby right away?"

"Well, maybe not for a year."

"How many children do you think you'd like?"

"Six." She took a long, passionate drag on her cigarette.

"What does Andreas say about that?"

"I haven't told him yet."

Now anger was returning to her face, and the heat from her mopping made it vivid. She had had her hair cut short. It was healthy and alive. Her acne had cleared, she had lost a few pounds, and she was pretty. Still, there were dark circles under her eyes, and the two faint perpendicular worry lines between her eyebrows.

I picked up a newspaper and went to a different table. The other waitress—a thin blonde about eighteen years old—sat down with Dina and they smoked and talked. They started whispering, and then they giggled, and then they laughed out loud.

THE following Sunday—a cold, gray day—Dina called and said she was depressed. I invited her to lunch. Janet was working, so I picked Dina up at her "mother-in-law's." We went to a hamburger place, sat down, and ordered. Dina picked at her sandwich.

I said, "What do you do with your free time?"

"I sit around at my mother-in-law's—watch TV, play with Marina."

"Who's Marina?"

"Andreas's sister's little girl. Andreas's sister is divorced and she lives with Andreas and their parents." Dina's eyes were heavy, moist.

THE LAST FARMER IN QUEENS

Forty years ago a saloon stood where the church is.
Now when he really needs a drink
He walks around to the greenhouse.

He hears, in the glass cold, a trickling hose
Near the pail with the gin bottle in it.
Then, by a tangle of tools, the thick step of a possum
As it backs behind some stacks of shelving.

No distaste more plain than that of the intruder
Intruded upon. Bedded down on the dirt mattress
Of its own shadow, the possum bats its eyes
And lounges on the belief that it can wait forever
To get free.

When he leaves, the empty bottle rattling around
Like an alarm in the tipped pail, the possum
Lumbers out behind: old man and odd sidekick
Avoiding the neighbors in morning's first blush.

—VICKIE KARP

• •

I said, "There's a van Gogh show at the college museum—today is the last day. I'd like to see it. Would you like to come with me?"

"Sure. But I have to be at work at four."

"We can manage that."

She went through the three-gallery show in about ten minutes. I was still in the first room when she came up to me and whispered, "I'll be in the car, O.K.?"

"O.K. Here's the key."

Some forty-five minutes later, I went out. Snow was falling, mixed with rain. The inside of the car was dense with cigarette smoke; the radio was playing rock music, the volume turned all the way up. Dina sat relaxed, with her head back, her eyes closed.

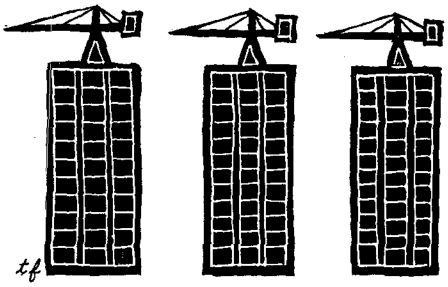
THE next week, it grew very cold. One afternoon, Dina called me and said, "My car broke. Can you please take me to work?"

"What time do you have to be there?"

"At five."

"I'll pick you up at quarter of."

We did this for four evenings, each colder and clearer than the last. We drove to Ted's by turnpike, accelerating through a vivid, bleak landscape of hills, black trees, granite ledge. The sunsets before us were fiery, spectacular, and in the south a thin silvery crescent moon hung, embracing a brilliant star.



"It's like the paintings," Dina said. "In the museum." And after a while she said, "It's beautiful, but it is more beautiful if you are seeing it with . . . someone."

I said, "How's it going with . . . someone?"

"All right."

We drove in silence. Then she said, "My father is coming to America."

"Really? When?"

"Next week."

"Why?"

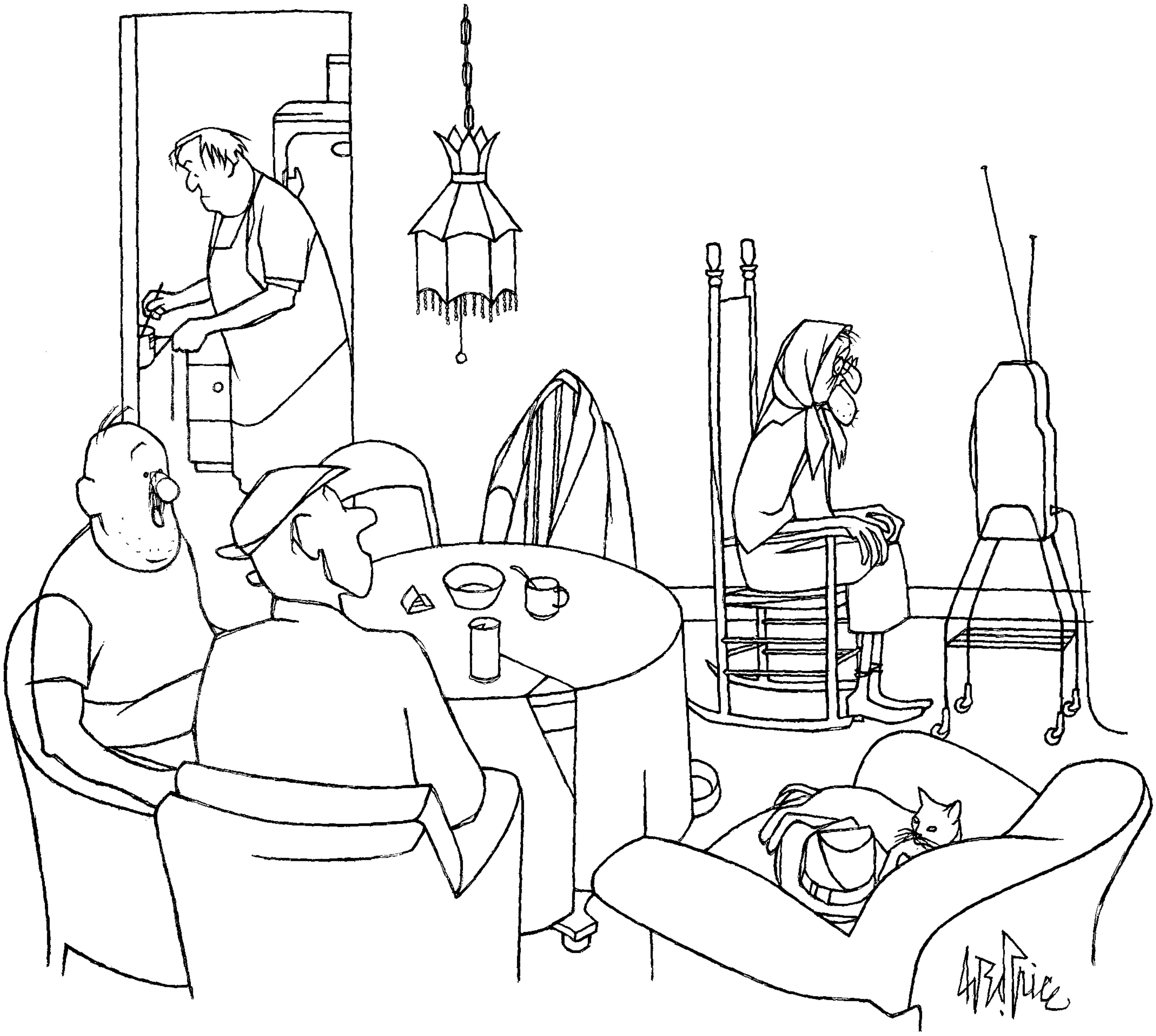
"He has some business in New York, and then he's coming here to see me. I'm glad, because then Andreas and I can get engaged, and my father can meet Andreas's family, and everything will be proper, and the Griks will shut their mouths from talking all the time about us."

"I didn't know they were."

She smiled a bitter little smile.

I saw her a few evenings later at Ted's and she looked enormously troubled. I started to speak to her and she said, "Don't bother me, please. Can't you see I'm working?"

I asked the thin, blond waitress what was wrong. She said, "Dina came in and cried in the back room. She told me that Andreas was trying to break loose from paying everything to his family. His sister told him to get rid of Dina, and I guess he got real mad and hit his sister. I guess he was beating her



"Gwen's aunt. She came upon a midnight dreary."

• •

all over the place and she was screaming. Dina saw it and it shook her up pretty bad."

Later, I said, "Dina, don't be upset. If I can help you . . ."

She said, "Daddy's coming on the eighth. He will straighten everything out."

"What if he doesn't like Andreas?"

"He will. Look. My father's like this. If he doesn't like him, he'll say to me, 'I don't like him, but it's your life—if you want to marry him, marry him.' "

When I told Janet what the waitress had said, she was appalled.

"By the way," I said, "John is coming next week. Dina's father."

"Oh? Why?"

"He has business in New York. But after that, according to Dina, he's coming here, to straighten things out. She and Andreas will become formally engaged."

"So she still wants him."

TED called me at five o'clock on the tenth of December. He said, "John's here from Greece. He's asked for you. Do you want to talk to him?"

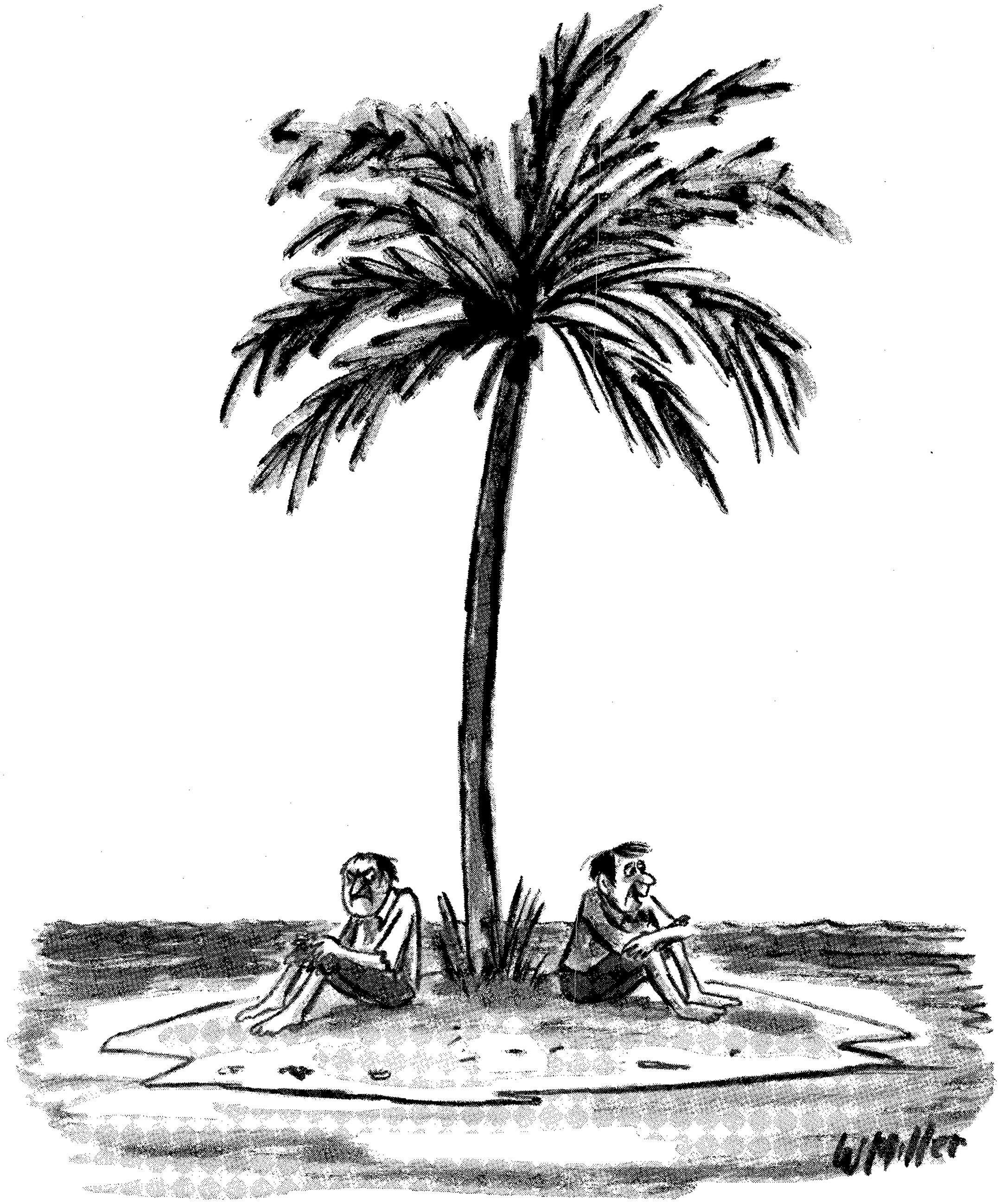
"Yes, of course."

I was glad to hear John's voice. I hadn't seen him since Janet and I had been in Greece on our honeymoon.

At nine o'clock, I went out to get him. He looked much older than I had remembered him—worn down, sallow. His great brown eyes were soft and kind-looking. We laughed and greeted each other and embraced. On the drive home, I told him about Mark, about Janet and her work. He carried one little black leather satchel. I told him he was sleeping on our sofa, if it was all right. He said that he didn't want to put us out. I said that he wouldn't—we only hoped he could rest decently. We talked until ten. He looked tired. Janet asked if he'd like to go to bed. He answered shyly and graciously that if it wasn't being impolite or causing any problems he would. She proceeded to fix up the sofa, and he returned to me and said in Greek, "But she has work to do."

When I told Janet, she said, "That's all right. I'll work in our room. Tell him I can work anywhere, really."

He looked at her study materials spread out on the desk in a corner of the living room and said, "She must work here, at her desk. I could



"That's what we are, all right—survivors! People will say, 'Hey, those two are real survivors! Talk about survivors—look at those two!' Yes, sirree, no doubt about it, when it comes to survivors, we really . . ."

• •

sleep with a thousand lights shining in my eyes. It doesn't bother me. Ann reads half the night with the lamp on above our bed, and I sleep like a baby."

John wanted to see Mark before retiring. We went quietly to his room. He looked like a downy rabbit in his blanket sleeper. John smiled and looked at him wistfully and said, "It must be nice to have a son."

In the living room, he went to his satchel and pulled out a big parcel—it took up half the packing space. He handed it to Janet and said charmingly, "For Mark. Ann sends it."

The gift turned out to be a camel-colored alpine coat with leather buttons, silver rings, a hood. Janet loved it and thanked him enthusiastically.

Soon John was in his pajamas and under the covers on the sofa, fast asleep. With only her desk light on, Janet sat in deep shadows across the room, working hard, doing research for an important paper due later that week.

Early in the morning, Mark came into our bedroom. He said, "Who is that? That's not Dina."

"No," I told him, "that's Dina's father. Uncle John."

He went to the living room, and soon I heard him and John playing and laughing together. Mark dragged out all his toys one by one. He did that with people he immediately liked.

Later, Dina arrived—pale, apprehensive. We had invited her to breakfast with her father. We all ate. Mark babbled endlessly in English to John and played with him, and John answered in Greek. Mark didn't seem to mind. He ignored Dina. I tried to make him go to her, but he wouldn't.

There was a rapid, slightly heated conversation in Greek between Dina and John. Then they were suddenly on the telephone, calling Ann in Greece, collect. John was talking with her, shouting a little across the five thousand miles. I didn't listen—I went in the bathroom to shave. I was beginning to feel numb, tired of Dina and her problems. I wished it would all clear up. I just wanted peace.

When Janet and Mark were ready, I took them out. John said that he and Dina had important things to do today, and I arranged to get him at Ted's shop later.

At five o'clock, I picked him up, and on the way home I tried to talk with him about Dina. I asked him if he had met Andreas.

"Yes."

"What did you think of him?"

He shrugged. "I don't know him."

"Did you meet his family?"

"No."

"There's time."

He didn't answer. I said that I thought Dina was rather young for these complications and hardships, and that she seemed confused. One didn't want to see her get hurt. John still didn't answer. He looked straight ahead. I thought he seemed angry, so I dropped the subject.

The next morning, Dina came to the apartment, and they made another call to Greece, and then a call to New Jersey. John said he had to go somewhere to have a serious talk with Dina. I said, "Stay here and talk. I've got errands to do."

I drove out to Ted's. I said, "Ted, do you know what's happening with

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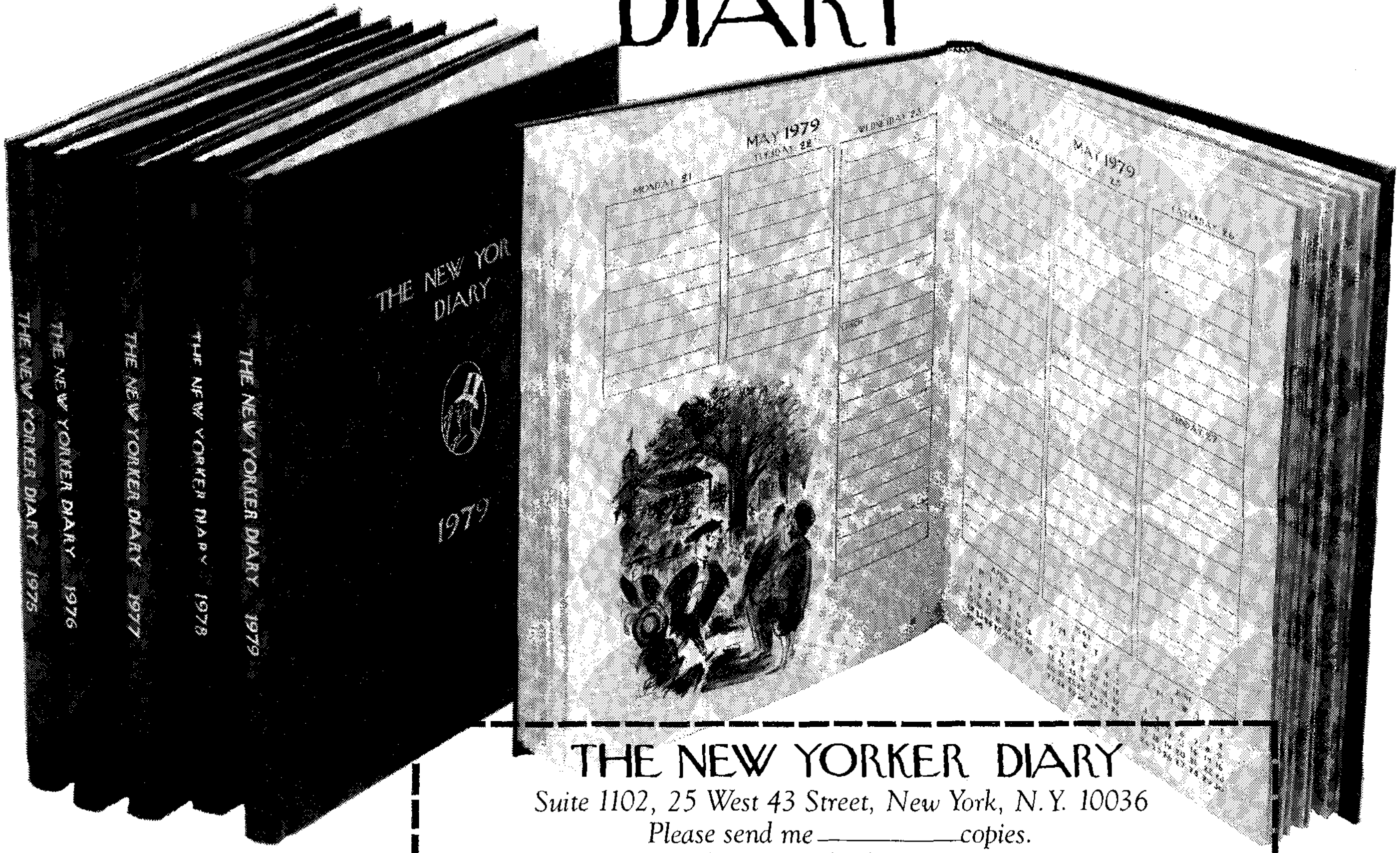
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Dina? Are you making anything of it?"

"No. Nothing. Her father comes in and they talk under their breaths in the corner. They seem to be arguing. They make a few mystery calls—to New York, New Jersey. Dina announces that she may be leaving soon. I have to tell you—she made me a little angry and I told her that this is a business I'm running, and if she weren't a relative I could never have put up with all this. She walked off in a huff." He shrugged. "You can't win," he said.

In the evening, I took John out to dinner so that Janet could work. It was very cold, and we hurried into the crowded, candle-lit restaurant. When we looked over the menu, John said, "Oh, God, meat again. Meat, meat. All you Americans eat is meat." He liked the garlic dressing on his salad, though, and the dry red wine. I asked how it was going with Dina. He smiled and said that they had had a terrible fight in the morning at our apartment—he told Dina that she was going back to Greece with him, and she said she didn't want to go. He said, "In the end, of course, she agreed."

I said, "I suppose her mother wants her home."

"I don't know about her mother," John said. "*I* want her home. *I* want her back." His voice was like iron, his eyes were like a hawk's.

"When are you leaving?" I asked.

"Tomorrow."

"To*mor*row?"

"We'll drive to New Jersey and she'll leave the car with my cousin, then we'll fly to Greece from New York the day after tomorrow."

When we left the restaurant, I suggested that since he was going the next day, he might visit my father now. He thought that would be appropriate.

When we got out of the car at my father's house, the wind was roaring. Trees whipped against a low cloudy sky that was washed magenta by the lights of a nearby shopping center.

In the house, I made introductions. John and my father sat in the living room and talked. Again: relatives, the village. This time, a great-uncle was mentioned who I thought had died. He was an old man now, installed in a convalescent home somewhere on Long Island. I remembered how much as a child I had liked him: he used to come on winter holidays and help with the cooking and drink brandy and fill our house with warmth and laughter and good spirits.

My aunt served Greek coffee, then sat half visible in the darkened dining room. She seemed a gray, lean, hard version of my father, who looked soft and glowing in the living-room light.

My father asked John about Andreas. "Have you met the boy?"

"Yes."

"Have you met his family?"

"No."

My father looked puzzled.

John said, "Why should I meet them now? They're nothing to me. I don't know them."

"But aren't Dina and Andreas to be married?"

"I don't know." John's face turned stony; his eyes glazed, he looked away. His mouth set in an angry line.

My father said, "Do they love each other?"

John shrugged.

"Without love, there can be no marriage," my father said. His marriage had been arranged. He and my mother must have come to love each other.

John said, "If he wants to marry her, then let him come to Greece."

There was a long silence. The ruthless wind beat against the windows. I looked at my father. His face was intelligent, full of light, sprightly. He seemed surprised, bemused. But he did not interfere.

LATE that evening, Mark was asleep in his bed, John was asleep on our sofa, Janet was working hard on her paper, and I was in the bedroom watching TV. The apartment buzzer sounded.

I went into the living room, and Janet was answering. She turned to me and said, "Dina."

"Dina? Now?"

John sat up.

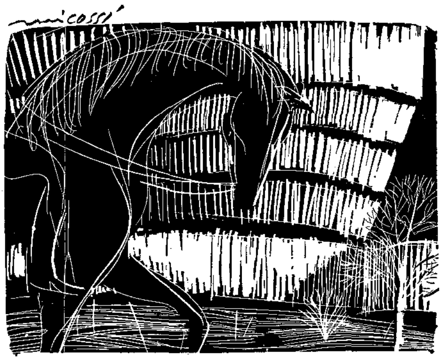
In a few minutes, Dina came in—her face swollen, contorted, tears running down her cheeks.

"What's wrong?" I said. "Dina, what's wrong?"

"I want my father."

"He's here."

She moved heavily through the room and fell into her father's arms, choking and sobbing, mumbling inarticulately in Greek.



Janet, looking embarrassed, scooped up her work and went into our room. I stood in the living room for a moment, not knowing how to help. John touched Dina's hair and held her close and listened to her gulping bursts of speech. I felt like someone lost in a strange city. I went into our room and shut the door. Janet was kneeling close to the bed, her papers spread out before her, writing furiously.

"What do you suppose happened?" I said softly.

"I don't know. I feel terrible about it. But I've got to finish this paper. I've got to type it and hand it in tomorrow."

Her paper was a refuge. I wished I had one.

After a while, when everything in the living room was quiet, I went back out. Dina was sitting close to her father. They were silent.

I said, "Dina should sleep here tonight. We'll put some thick quilts on the floor. . . ."

They didn't answer but stared straight ahead. I was an intruder. I went into our bedroom and shut the door again. I tried to watch TV. Then I went back out to the living room. Dina wasn't there.

"Where's Dina?" I asked.

John said, "She went to sleep at your father's house."

"Why?"

"She wanted to."

"What happened tonight? What was wrong with her?"

"She saw the boy, they said their farewell, he said some things . . ." He stopped, then gave me his stony look.

I went into our room and went to bed. I fell asleep with the light on, Janet still working hard.

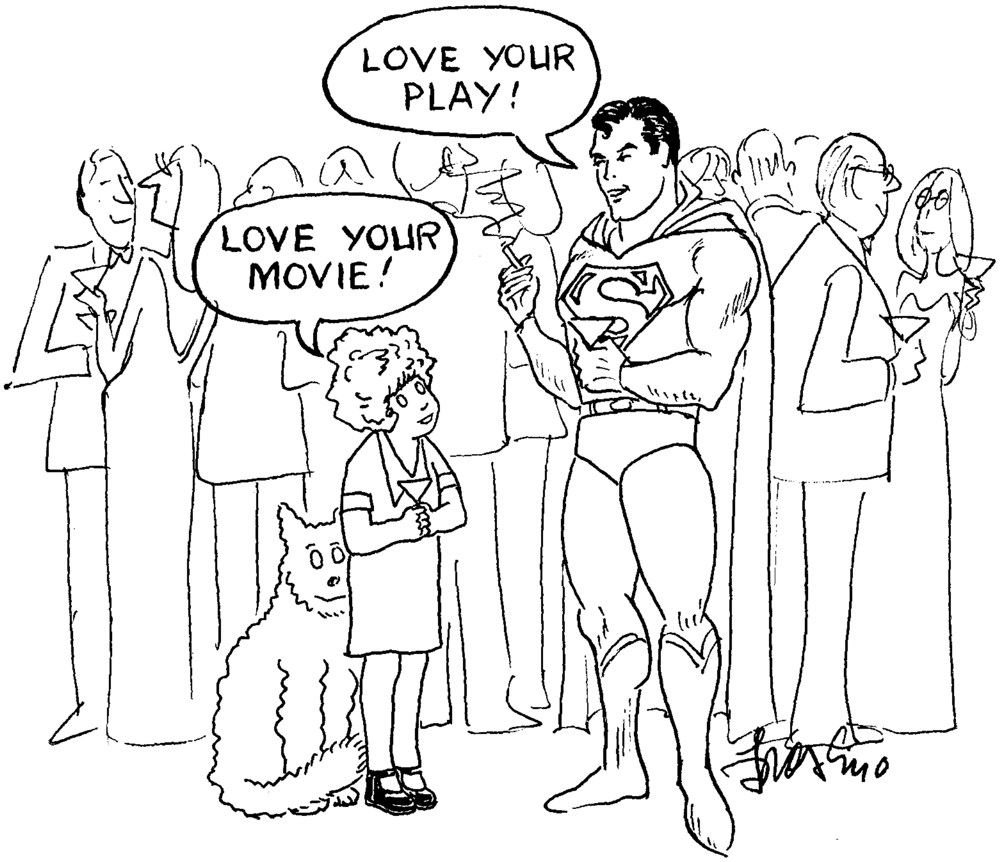
In the morning, I looked out the window. Dina was getting out of her car. She ran across the street to our building. The sky was a hard blue, the wind was blowing clouds swiftly above the empty trees. She pulled her open coat close around her and put her head down against the wind. She looked little in the landscape.

She came into the apartment—her face ashen, swollen, her eyes red. Strangely, Mark went to her this morning. She held him and kissed him all over his face again and again. He sat on her lap in an armchair, and Janet took a snapshot of them.

"Do you want something to eat?" I asked.

"No, thank you," Dina said.

"Would you like some coffee?"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"No, thank you. I'm not hungry."

It came time to say goodbye. I would take Mark to the sitter's and Janet would be typing all morning.

John stood waiting like a schoolboy in a dark coat and tie, his hands joined before him, his feet close together. He was clean-shaven, his hair was neatly combed. Dina kissed Mark and hugged him, holding back tears. Then she and Janet embraced. Dina said, "Thank you for everything." Janet said something softly to her. Dina began to weep. I hugged her and she said, "Thank you for everything," and I kissed her and said, "Don't worry, Dina." She wept harder. John and Janet embraced, then John and I.

"*Kaló taxídi*," I said: Good journey.

"Thank you."

"Give all our love to Ann."

John picked up the black satchel that had held the beautiful little alpine coat.

We went into the hall. Janet stayed in the apartment. Mark rode his red tricycle down the long corridor, and Dina, John, and I followed. We all crowded into the elevator. It stopped at the lobby, and Dina and John got off. We said goodbye and the door closed with a clang. Mark and I continued down one floor to the garage. "Goodbye," Mark was shouting merrily in the elevator. "Goodbye, goodbye!"

ABOUT a week later, an envelope of snapshots we had sent away to be developed came. I looked at them, all pictures of Mark—in the summer at a swimming pool, at the beach, at an early-autumn picnic—all pleasant occasions. Then I came to one that startled me: the picture of Dina holding Mark.

Dina sat sunken in our living-room chair. Her face was pale and puffy, with no expression. Her mouth hung loose. I looked closely at her eyes. The terror was gone. There was only a blankness, a gaze. Mark was as pale as she was, but his face was full of life, eagerly anticipating the new day. John sat in the distance at the dining-room table, looking at the camera. His eyes were soft and dark. A smile was just starting at the corners of his lips.

I looked at Dina and her father and tried to understand what had happened. I thought of Andreas and wondered: Had he quaked before Dina's father?

I put away the envelope of snapshots. I thought, I don't know what happened at all—in parked cars late at night in the awful cold, at his parents' apartment, in his mind at work, in her mind at night in my mother's chilly room, here in our apartment with her father, in her father's mind.

All I could see was this young girl, moving through time and space swiftly with the rest of us.

A FEW days later, I was at my father's house. I asked him if he knew what had happened.

"No," he said.

"And I asked Ted, and he said it was all a mystery to him, too."

I said, "Do you suppose Dina knew what happened?"

My father lifted his shoulders. He said, "She was here with us. And then she left." He relaxed his shoulders. He spoke as if he missed her. He said, "And I didn't even know she was going until the very day she left. She came with her father and they thanked me and took her things and drove away."

"Did they leave anything in Mother's room?"

"No."

I felt a strong compulsion to see it.

I went upstairs and opened the door. The room was cold, the shade drawn. I raised the shade, and weak sunlight came in. The bed was naked. On the bedside table there was a small white plastic electric alarm clock with its white cord leading up the wall, plugged into an outlet in the porcelain wall socket. I watched the red second hand move slowly around the face of the clock.

On the bureau stood a cluster of cosmetics—tall, pretty, colored opaque bottles.

I thought, Maybe she hopes to come back.

Over the bureau, inserted in a corner of the mirror, was a snapshot. I didn't know any of the people in it. There were two adolescent girls, dressed in bright summer clothes, on a boat set against vivid deep-blue water; a good-looking, dark-haired boy held an accordion. The three of them were laughing, squinting in strong light.

I looked at the cosmetics bottles again. I stared at them.

I knew she would never come back.

I pulled the plug of the clock from the outlet. I drew the shade, left the room, and shut the door behind me.

—Harry Mountzoures

•

Billy Richner of Gig Harbor reported on Sept. 24 that someone had smashed the windshield and stolen the hubcaps of his car while it was parked in University Place. Richner told sheriff's deputies that he could not understand the theft as he had recently moved here from South Dakota and had not had time to make any enemies.—*Gig Harbor (Wash.) Peninsula Gateway.*

They hardly ever wait.

U.S. JOURNAL: ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

ASSEMBLAGE

BEACH blocks have always been the most valuable real estate in Atlantic City, but for a number of years even the most valuable real estate in Atlantic City was a drug on the market. Beach blocks start at the Boardwalk—"the world-famous Boardwalk," as it has traditionally been described in brochures, or "the boards," as it is sometimes called by locals—and extend inland to Pacific Avenue. It happens to be a long way from the Boardwalk to Pacific Avenue—beach blocks are elongated rectangles rather than squares—but even a corner building on Pacific retains the distinction of being on a beach block. By the nineteen-forties, with all of the grand hotels already in place on the Boardwalk, even the long side streets of beach blocks consisted mainly of smaller hotels and restaurants. Along some of the streets, though, there were still patches of houses—some year-round houses, some summer houses, some rooming houses, some summer houses in which the owners rented out a room or a floor to help with the taxes. A few years ago, when the time for replacing old houses with new hotels seemed to have passed for Atlantic City, the long sides of one beach block—Bellevue Avenue and Texas Avenue—remained almost completely residential. The block had once been part of a Jewish neighborhood, but in the forties it gradually turned Italian—becoming the eastern edge of an Italian neighborhood sometimes known in Atlantic City as Ducktown. "It's Italy over there," an Irish woman on the next block said recently. "Accordions. Everything. It's just Italy."

It is actually Italy by way of South Philadelphia. The beach block formed by Bellevue and Texas, like the hoagie stands up and down Pacific, is a cultural outpost of South Philly. By chance, both streets look as if they might be in the middle of South Philly instead of next to the Atlantic Ocean. They consist almost entirely of the sort of two- and three-story brick row houses and "semidetacheds" that were built in the ethnic neighborhoods of crowded Eastern cities early in the century. A lot of the people who bought houses on the block in the forties and fifties were from South Philly—working people who were conscientious about maintenance and tended to do the work with their own hands. ("The Italians fix up," the Irish woman admits.) The owners of a house on Bellevue or Texas might occupy it only from Easter Sunday to the day after the Miss America pageant in September—renting out some part of it to summer tenants, who were themselves likely to be South Philly Italians returning to the same house year after year. There are people living full time on the block who have always lived in Atlantic City, but a lot of the full-time residents seem to be people who were left on the beach block after the wave of summer people receded to Philadelphia—elderly people who are retired in what was once a summer place, the daughter who remained for years to take care of a sick parent, a regular summer renter who was willed the right to buy the landlady's house at assessed value. The assessed value was never very much. The people who bought their houses not long after the block was developed paid a few thousand dollars. In the early seventies, fifty or sixty years of inflation later, a house on the block was not worth much more than about fifteen thousand dollars. Finding a buyer at that price in, say, 1974 would have reflected the continued preëminence of a beach block. With property values declining and taxes remaining relatively high in Atlantic City, there were neighborhoods in which buildings literally could not be given away. Then, in November of 1976, a referendum legalizing casino gambling in Atlantic City was passed by the voters of New Jersey. A few people on the Bellevue-Texas beach block began getting calls from real-estate men. The going price of a house on Bellevue or Texas went up to perhaps forty-five thousand dollars. For homeowners on the beach block, casino gambling introduced a possibility more lucrative than merely having their houses bought. It was possible that their houses might be assembled.

The pressure for assembling—buying all of the buildings on an entire block, or even on two or three contiguous blocks—comes partly from a provision in the state gaming law which requires any casino hotel to have at least five hundred guest rooms and a full complement of banquet halls and convention facilities. The profit that is likely to be reaped by someone who manages to put together such an enterprise is the sort of figure that is not normally heard these days except to express petrodollars. In November, the house winnings at the one casino already operating—Resorts International, which has a temporary gaming license and will contest in court the state attorney general's suggestion that it not be given a permanent one—amounted to just under eighteen million dollars. When the price paid by a casino developer to assemble a row of houses is mentioned in Atlantic City, it is common to hear the response "They'll make it back in a day." That sort of money has brought to the Atlantic City real-estate market a remarkable menagerie of speculators, land-flippers, developers, deal-makers, and con men. "It's the goniffs' World Series," someone who has worked for a casino developer said recently. "It's the Middle East with pinkie rings."

Atlantic City, which encompasses one section of a narrow island, does not happen to have many acres of land, and not many of the ones it does have are zoned for casinos. In a badly deteriorated neighborhood called the South Inlet, which has only a tentative designation of casino zoning, the Puerto Rican population, composed almost exclusively of renters rather than owners, has been shrunk drastically since 1976 by rent increases or evictions. One woman who remains, living in an unheated apartment with her five children, woke up recently to find that the landlord had arranged to have her windows boarded up. On the Boardwalk—where casino zoning is assured and the neighborhood is, of course, world-famous—almost all of the land has already been spoken for by one or another gigantic casino-hotel project. In just one planning-board meeting recently, approval was given for a sixty-million-dollar hotel to be built by Penthouse and for a hundred-million-dollar one being planned by the Bally gam-

"Actually, I'm not a vegetarian at all. It's just that I never see anything else I'd care to eat."

• •

ing-machine company. By last summer, about the only beach block that had not been tied up was the Bellevue-Texas block—right across the street from Playboy's proposed casino and only a block down the Boardwalk from the Atlantic City convention center. Then, at the beginning of September, a friendly, rather boyish young real-estate man named Richard Bloom started walking around the block to inform residents that a meeting would be held to discuss an unusual proposition: each homeowner would be paid one hundred thousand dollars for his house, but only on the condition that every homeowner agreed to sell. The plan, in other words, was for the homeowners of the Bellevue-Texas block to assemble themselves.

ACCORDING to Bloom, the idea of approaching everybody on the block at once came partly from hearing stories about the problems of trying to assemble a parcel by dealing with one property owner at a time. It is said in Atlantic City that an assembler working for Penthouse made his way successfully down a row of houses on Columbia Place, buying each one for something near a hundred thousand dollars, and then reached a slightly larger building whose owner asked for six million. Making the sale contingent on everybody selling at the same price, Bloom figured, meant that anyone tempted to hold out would be under pressure from neighbors who saw their own chance for a jackpot threatened. According to the plan, greed would be working for rather than against the assembler. "It's like having fourteen salesmen on the block at all times," Bloom has said. A letter Bloom sent to each homeowner in September, on behalf of his client, H.E.J.J. Corporation, said, "We are trying to form a community effort between H.E.J.J. and the residents. . . . People working together for the benefit of all is really what we are trying to do."

In response to suggestions in the press that H.E.J.J. was a dummy corporation, Bloom insisted that its listed president, a woman named Jean Savage, was an independent operator who already owned some "commercial pieces" on the Boardwalk end of the block. He acknowledged that she would not be the "end user" but only the person who took the project as far as the closings. "Then," he said, "the big people will move in." There are seventy-two private houses on the Bellevue-Texas block. There are also, of course, commercial pieces—a string of souvenir stands and snack bars on the Boardwalk, a laundromat and an Italian restaurant and a few other storefronts on Pacific. Bloom has figured the price of the commercial pieces not already owned by Mrs. Savage as roughly the same as the price of the houses—meaning that the entire block, which is slightly more than two acres, would cost fourteen or fifteen million dollars. That would amount to the highest price paid for land so far in Atlantic City. It would also amount to three or four million dollars less than the winnings of one casino in one November—and November, of course, is not the high season in Atlantic City.

A FEW people signed up even before the meeting. For some residents, Bloom's offer was not just a jackpot but a liberation. "People say they'll never be able to get a place this close to the Boardwalk," a visitor was told recently by a woman who cares for a sick husband and a sick brother and has been moving the entire family to the basement every summer so she can rent the better floors of her house. "Listen. I never see the Boardwalk. I'm too busy cleaning this house." At the meeting, Bloom sat with an open checkbook in front of him, prepared to write out a hundred-dollar check as a token payment for anyone willing to sign a forty-five-day binder. The expiration of the first binders, he said, would act as a deadline. Some people signed, but the meeting revealed a number of questions and doubts and complaints that other people had about the offer. There were homeowners, for instance, who had labored for years to

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improve their houses—sinking whatever extra money they had into new siding or storm windows or modern hot-water tanks. Why should they get the same as someone who did not even bother to install proper year-round heat? "I tried to explain to them that the new worth of their houses only lies in what the block could become," Bloom has said. "We weren't interested in buying their houses, only the land underneath their houses." If that was the case, Bloom was asked by some people who live in one of four courtyards that extend into the block from Texas Avenue, why shouldn't they get more money for houses whose continued presence would cause the most difficulty for the architect of a casino hotel? Bloom, arguing that calculating seventy-two individual values would be impossible, insisted that everyone would have to receive the same price, and that everyone would have to sell in order for anyone to receive anything.

Apparently, Bloom was not worried about the possibility that "people working together" would work together against him. Once he had introduced the notion of a package deal for a hundred thousand dollars a house, there was nothing to prevent the residents from organizing themselves and replying that they might be interested in a package deal for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a house. If the houses on the block were worth seven million to the big people, after all, why not ten million? Bloom did not fear such a response, he said later, because he was making an offer well above market price and because he was confident that any attempt by the residents to engage in a sort of adversary assemblage would have disintegrated into disagreements about house values and replays of old feuds. "If they had tried that," he said, long after it became apparent that they were not going to, "they'd still be trying to pick a chairman."

Bloom spent a lot of time on the block listening to what was bothering people about the sale. He offered to help with relocation. Since a lot of homeowners on the block are past the age of being able to get a mortgage for a new house easily—or, at least, past the age of being inclined to try—Bloom offered to arrange bridge loans, at his client's expense, to provide up to the full purchase price eight or nine months before the closing. He offered to provide tax consultants for those concerned about minimizing capital-gains taxes. Bloom drank a lot of coffee and ate a lot of homemade cookies, all the while discussing who was hesitating and why.

He was not shy about offering the opinion that, no matter what the outcome of his assembling attempt, the beach-block life the residents on Texas and Bellevue had once known would soon be over—replaced by the noise and crime and high assessments accompanying a strip of flashy casino hotels. Privately, he acknowledged that his task would be made easier if only Playboy, which had delayed construction on its site across the street, would begin obliterating old buildings and driving piles into the ground. But he was careful not to appear threatening. "Richard was always a gentleman," an Italian woman along in years said recently, as she pushed a second piece of cake across the table in his direction. Asked at one point how he accounted for the number of signatures he was collecting, Bloom said, "I've worked hard. It makes sense. Also, I happen to get along good with elderly women."

SOME people living on the block do not need a hundred thousand dollars. Being able to do without such a sum is not necessarily an indication of casual wealth. An elderly person who has put aside enough to live out his life in the way he has always lived may prefer the familiarity and memories of his own home to anything a hundred thousand dollars could buy. It could buy, with money left over, a nice house on the mainland—"offshore," as Atlantic City people call it—or a condominium farther down the beach or even a house in a nearby Atlantic City neighborhood that is, as someone on the block put it, "Italian, or at least white." Some people were not enthusiastic about those alternatives—or about the alternative of living with a son or daughter and putting a hundred thousand dollars in the bank for some fortunate grandchild. A television station filmed one elderly resident of the block waving away questions about whether he would sell by saying that he had lost his wife and it was their home and he had only a few years left and nothing else mattered. "That's all he talks about," one of his neighbors said later. "He doesn't need the money, and he just talks about his wife and spending the years he has left where they lived together. And he's right. He's right. But why should he hold up the whole block?"

Bernie Klempfner, who lives in one of the courts off Texas Avenue, figured he could do without the hundred thousand. Klempfner, a maintenance plumber in a federal aviation installation near Atlantic City, is a couple of

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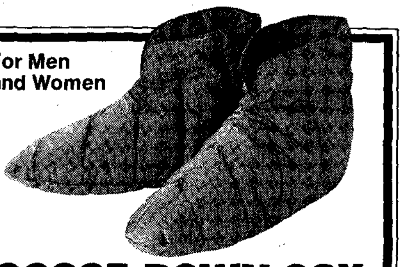

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years away from retirement. His wife, who had a stroke four years ago, is confined to a wheelchair, and having the Boardwalk close enough for evening strolls together seemed vital to both of them. Mrs. Klempfner was particularly adamant about remaining where she was. Klempfner says his resolve weakened when huge trucks started rumbling toward other construction sites in the area, making him realize that anyone remaining on the block would be living amid noise and dust and quivering walls for years, but Mrs. Klempfner says the impetus to reconsider had less to do with the change in the neighborhood than with the attitude of the neighbors. As the percentage of property owners who had signed climbed steadily, there was more and more talk about the people who hadn't signed. "That shack!" someone at Buddy's Self Service Liquor Store, across Pacific Avenue, said about the house of one holdout who wanted more money. "They don't even have heat. They want more money! Big shots! I remember when the old lady would go out on the Boardwalk and stop anyone with a suitcase to try to rent a room." At one meeting, the son of a homeowner angrily demanded the names of those who had not signed. Bloom declined to provide the names, but the sentiment reflected by the request was an indication that his plan was working. "I'd hate to be the last guy," he said to a reporter. "It'd be hard to live here." As the signers became a majority, "Have you signed yet?" became a common question for people on the block. "If you got all your neighbors working on you, it's tough," Mrs. Klempfner said not long ago. "The first thing they say is 'Have you signed yet? No? What's wrong with you?' I'm a stubborn woman, but I had everybody on me." The Klempfners signed. So, finally, did the elderly widower.

TEN days before the deadline, Bloom was predicting that the deal would probably go through. He said that the fifteen or so signatures he had left to acquire were mostly people who had indicated they would eventually sign—as soon as someone else signed, or as soon as out-of-town co-owners could be rounded up, or, some of their neighbors were saying, as soon as they got a little more attention. Bloom had gradually revealed that the conditions imposed on the property owners were not quite as rigid as had been outlined at the beginning of negotiations. A few houses that were twenty-five feet wide or wider were entitled to more than a hundred thousand, Bloom had said fairly early in his signature gathering, although not as much more than a hundred thousand as one of the owners wanted. He began saying that not every single house was necessary, as long as those declining to sell were not strategically scattered through the block. If all went well, Bloom said, the closing would be next September, and his client would probably have a block party for the residents during their last summer on the block. "Some of the people didn't even know each other before this," Bloom said. "We brought them together. They all have a common bond now, which is the selling of their property."

Just before the weekend during which Bloom had hoped to stop by a few kitchens on Bellevue and Texas to bring the good news of the sale, residents received a letter saying that the necessary signatures had not been acquired after all. A letter from Mrs. Savage said, "We are sorry inasmuch as we can not bend to the wishes and needs of the few remaining." Some of the harsh sentiments between neighbors on the block grew harsher. One family that had already signed, Joseph and Rita DeNota, organized a petition that was sent to the holdouts saying, "It is obvious that those who have not signed are thinking only of themselves. The reasons of those who have not signed do not seem valid to the majority." A lot of people on the block remained confident that the deal would eventually be made. There is some disagreement about how many families have not signed, but Bloom says there are only three. The problem, he said recently, is that the two whose "wishes and needs" are most difficult to satisfy—they simply want more money—live in South Philadelphia, out of range of pressure from the neighbors with whom they could have a common bond.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

• •

mIn a small bowl, mach hebb cheece and Boaeefobd endil cbeami. Cdib in finegab. Gbadealli bead in heafi cbeam. Ceacon do dacde gidh cald, if nececcabi. oeb dbeccing ofeb calad gbeenc and toss gently to coat all pabdicles. Serve immediately.—*Huntsville* (*Ala.*) *Times.*

And run.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Simon & Ross—The Compassion Boys

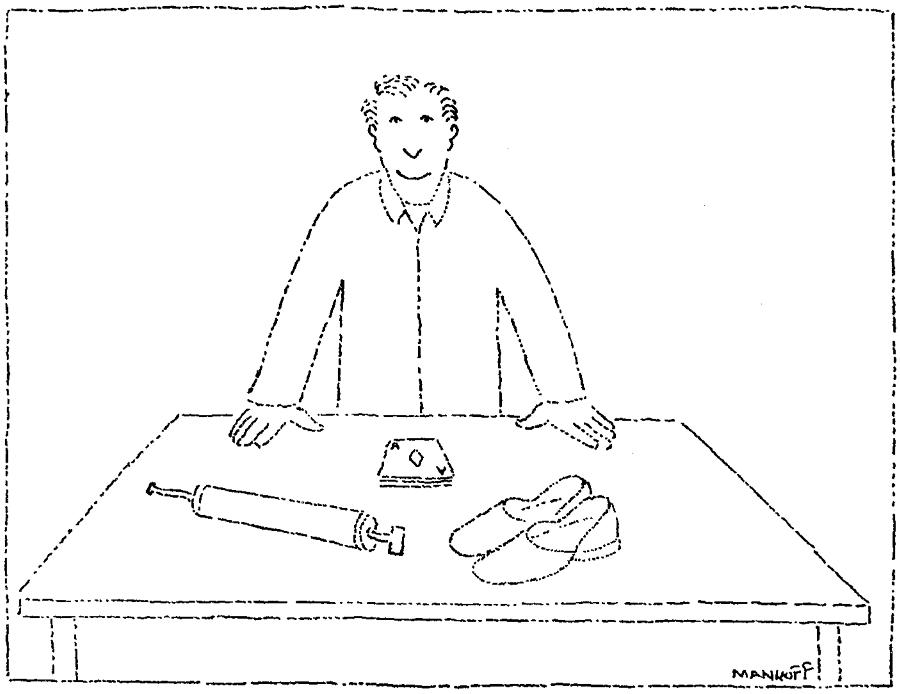
DAVID HOCKNEY'S views of Los Angeles as a new Riviera are softened into decorator art for the opening titles of "California Suite." The movie—Herbert Ross's transcription of the four Neil Simon playlets that opened in Los Angeles early in 1976 and on Broadway later that year—is color-coördinated with the Hockneys. Most of it takes place in mockups of rooms at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and the cinematographer, David M. Walsh, has given the whole production a cooled-out look: the performers are smartly accented against whitened interiors. Stylization was clearly Ross's goal. Part of the hell of filming stage material is that it usually has nothing but foreground, and Neil Simon, who writes arguments between couples, rarely even provides intervention by subsidiary characters. So Ross bleaches the space around the pairs of combatants, to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to two of the plays—the clash between Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, and the duel between Maggie Smith and Michael Caine. Though Neil Simon still pays tribute to his New York conscience, and Jane Fonda, as a caustic *Newsweek* editor, jeers at Los Angeles, the visual style of the film conveys its message of upward mobility: there's an attempt here at rich artistic chic. The writing in these two plays is also bleached out, and, as it happens, the two couples are Wasps.

These Wasp plays represent the serious side of Neil Simon, which turns out to be surprisingly close to Noël Coward—not good Coward but mawkishly bittersweet Coward, in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. In texture and attitude, these plays might be something Simon dug up that was buried in London during the blitz. The entire point of the bickering between Jane Fonda, the intellectual snob, and Alan Alda, as her screenwriter ex-husband, who accuses her of never having had "an honest emotion," is how vulnerable she is. The entire point of the anguish exhibited by Maggie Smith, as an English actress who has received an Academy Award nomination, and Michael Caine, as her antique-dealer husband, who accompanies her to the awards ceremony, is that, though he is homosexual, they really love each other. And each playlet reaches its climax when the mask of sophistication is dropped and we see the suffering face. The plays are stripteases: brittle, glittering "successful" people are brought down to ordinary humanity.

"California Suite" is such an acute embarrassment because Herbert Ross directs as if he thought there were depth in the lines, when what he has got Jane Fonda, Maggie Smith, and Michael Caine bringing out is the sentimentality in them. When Laurence Olivier does his virtuoso turns in pictures such as "The Betsy" and "The Boys from Brazil," we can see that he isn't deceived about the quality of the material but that he's enjoying himself acting anyway. Jane Fonda and Maggie Smith are anxious and straining, as if they thought there were something more in the material, which was eluding them. They do extraordinarily well by it, but they're not fun to watch, as Olivier is. You may find yourself flinching at the toads that leap out of their mouths.

Jane Fonda plays Hannah, one of those career-centered, woman-of-distinction roles left over from the forties: a veneered cold bitch, a boss lady. Hannah has come to Los Angeles to reclaim her daughter from her ex-husband, Bill, to whom the girl has fled. Bill seems meant to represent the mellow, suntanned spirit of L.A., but Alan Alda is too self-conscious. Wearing bangs like a Roman emperor, and with his eyes made up to look bigger and bluer, he has a hangdog look. He gives such a flabby, insecure performance that Bill doesn't seem to be a full person, and Hannah's attacks on him appear gratuitously spiteful; when he mildly remarks that perhaps he should get a lawyer to help him retain custody of their daughter, Hannah slams down the information that the Attorney General is a good friend of hers. It isn't just that Hannah is more than Bill's match—Fonda is more than Alda's match. She's whirring around and hitting emotional peaks in a vacuum; it might be better if she just ran the gamut of emotions from A to B rather than race from A to Z. Jane Fonda is so tensely eager to act that she puts out too much. Her comic edginess, her emotional precision, the heat rising in her cheeks, even that slender, wiry body primed for movement are too electric for her to be taking cheap shots at L.A. (while her heart is breaking). The only time I heard myself laugh was at a line that probably *isn't meant* to be funny: when she says of her current lover (who hasn't long to live) that "he has the second-best mind I've ever met since Adlai Stevenson." And she describes her daughter as "a bright girl with an intelligent mind." Herbert Ross is on record as believing that Neil Simon is a "classicist" on a level with Molière and Shaw. I may go out of my intelligent mind.

Maggie Smith and Michael Caine have a more evenly balanced sparring match. Maggie Smith plays *as if* her situations and lines were witty, and she



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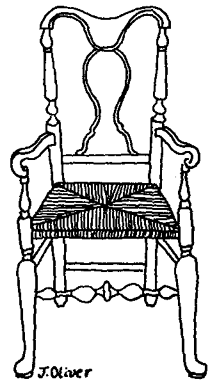
makes them so by the distancing device of eccentricity. She goes beyond cleverness: it's a succinct performance—each gesture is an epigram. Yet there's a cost: when an actress triumphs in great material you can often feel the joy she takes in the material that is bearing her aloft; here, with Maggie Smith triumphing *over* her material, you can see the tiny frown lines, the doubt. Michael Caine performs like a professional who is used to doing the dramatist's job for him. He creates a decent, wary character out of his own flesh: the sagging and thickening of the muscles in his face suggest the husband's defensiveness and pain. Together, Maggie Smith and Caine waltz through the most ridiculous Wasp glitz dialogue with their heads held high and every syllable producing a satisfying click. It's a class act, or would be if it weren't marred by the author's and the director's hunger for the higher banalities—for shoving the couple's suffering in our faces. The husband accounts for their marital problem by referring to "biological discrepancies"—as in a daring drawing-room tragedy of 1925. And, as if all this tony torment weren't enough, Maggie Smith is obliged to play one of the most degrading of all scenes: a woman pleading with a man—who does not desire her—to make love to her. This is Neil Simon's idea of the moment of truth, and Ross brings the camera in for a tight closeup of Maggie Smith's desperation as she begs, "Tonight, Sidney, let it be me." Ross insists on our seeing the couple's style as a lie, a concealment; what makes people human in a Herbert Ross movie is always their weakness, their *vulnerability*, their need. Finally, he reduces everything to pop lyrics: people need people. For him, that's truth—that's classicism.



The two other playlets are low-comedy relief, and in them the chaste, whitening effect results in a loss of vitality. Abstracted from the everyday sit-com jumble of domestic furnishings, these playlets seem drained, bloodless. Walter Matthau has come out for his nephew's bar mitzvah a day ahead of his wife; his brother (Herbert Edelman) presents him with a pert blond hooker, and in the morning, with his wife due any minute, he can't wake the girl up. As an earnest, panicky shlump who has never before cheated on his wife, the tall, lean Matthau tries to look small and flustered and despairing; he mashes up his face and smacks his lips as if he were toothless, and puts on "*Oy, gevalt!*" Yiddish intonations, which keep slipping. As the wife, Elaine May could be Dracula's daughter. She's pale, with woebegone eyes and lank hair—a supplicant with meagre expectations. Yet her oddness is endearing, and her underplaying is in such contrast with Matthau's twittering hysteria that she piques the viewer's curiosity. Ross seems apathetic, though. He gives reverent care to the pacing of the Wasp segments, but here almost every vaudeville gag collapses, and even the physical-comedy bits (such as Matthau grabbing May's ankle) have no snap.

In the other slapstick playlet, Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby are vacationing doctors from Chicago who, with their wives (Gloria Gifford and Sheila Frazier), get into a mixed-doubles brawl. On the stage, this material—in which the actors squabble, turn belligerent, and have a knock-down-drag-out fight, from which they all emerge battered and bandaged—was played by white actors. But, since these are the only misfits in the hotel, when the roles are played by black actors the skit seems to be saying that the men may be doctors but they're still uncontrollable, dumb blacks who don't belong in a rich, civilized atmosphere; and the recessive whitened décor turns them into tar babies. When they don't know how to handle cars, when they stumble around a flooded room, crash into each other, step on broken glass, or, even worse, when Cosby bites Pryor's nose, it all has horrifying racist overtones. If Pryor and Cosby were at their comic ease, they might be able to redeem the situation by giving it a satiric edge—or even just by being funny. But Ross seems so dedicated to the immaculate preservation of Neil Simon's diction that he hasn't allowed them to work up their own comic rhythm. They're impaled on each line.

"California Suite" would seem to give offense to just about everyone: it goes from confirming the stereotypes of repressed, glamorously unhappy Wasps to confirming the comic stereotypes of henpecked baggy-pants Jews and of blacks who act like clowning savages. And one could hardly claim that it was well made. The four plays have been scrambled and intercut, but the players from one never appear in a frame with players from another;

they never meet in an elevator or even cross paths in a corridor. And, though most of them leave L.A. at the same time, there isn't even the fun of having Jane Fonda stick her hand across the aisle of a plane to Maggie Smith and say, "Do you remember me? We met at the Attorney General's party." Several scenes are "opened out;" that is, they go outside the hotel rooms. Fonda and Alda sit down in a restaurant, and then zip—they're at the beach. But nothing happens at the restaurant, because Simon didn't invent dialogue for the opened-out scenes. We're most sharply aware of the stagebound nature of the material when we see Maggie Smith and Michael Caine go in to the Academy Awards presentation; the crucial part—her not getting the award, and her reaction to losing—is denied us. After it's over, we rejoin them and are told what happened. Neil Simon has made a fainthearted attempt to tie the four plays together into a "Grand Hotel;" what this comes down to is that the individual plays reach their unmistakable curtain lines and—in dramatic terms—end, but then an anticlimactic scene or two is tacked on.

Yet why does instinct tell one that this clumsy, chopped-together movie may be a hit? The secret of the popular success of the Simon-Ross combination ("The Sunshine Boys," "The Goodbye Girl," and now this) could be that pathos is their goal—that they have no emotional range beyond it. The audience doesn't get restless, because the contestants keep whacking each other with insults. But at the end there's always the loneliness, the fear, the reconciliation. No doubt Simon and Ross see wisdom in this, and probably many in the audience do, too. Simon and Ross weep for us. They succeed by turning vaudeville into mush.

—PAULINE KAEL

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From an announcement of the Cambridge Boat Club, in Cambridge, Mass.*]

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TENNESSEE SMALL FRY

THE snail darter, a small fish of which everyone by now has doubtless heard, was, until a few short years ago, a small fish of which no one had heard. The reason was quite simple: It was not known to exist. But once its existence was known, following its discovery, in 1973, almost everybody heard about it. It was declared an endangered species, and legal action by environmentalists blocked completion of the expensive Tellico Dam, at the lower end of its habitat in the Little Tennessee River, because it constituted a threat to the snail darter's existence. The snail darter caused the Supreme Court to consider the plight of this fish under four inches long, and, in the process, to confirm a lower court's ruling that it was in truth endangered by the dam. Furthermore, the swirl the fish has created continues, and a high-level governmental committee is now considering what should be done about it and the dam. Indeed, some persons might say it would have been better had the snail darter not been discovered at all. But it was discovered, and the facts of its discovery follow.

One raw day in late December, 1972, an ichthyologist and a sports-minded friend set out to look for likely duck-hunting areas along the banks of the Little Tennessee River, a sizable river that rises in the Appalachian Mountains and flows to a point some forty miles to the south of Knoxville where it debouches into the Tennessee River. In its lower reaches, which the two men went to investigate, the river winds through a lovely quiet valley, some of whose land is twelve feet deep in rich, dark arable earth. Migrating ducks reputedly fed in the cornfields there, and sheltered in the water.

The site, which was new to the ichthyologist, impressed him less by its duck-hunting potential, good though this was, than by its fish-collecting possibilities. The water was shallow, with riffles of various depths, such as often provide habitats for types of fish one doesn't find elsewhere. Big-river habitats, in fact, are the most poorly collected of all our piscine environments, in part because a really thorough job requires many return trips—though, for that very reason, they are often highly rewarding. The ichthyologist, a professor of zoology at the University of Tennessee named David A. Etnier, sensed that there was a challenge here, and resolved to return with collecting equipment the following year.

He did so on August 12, 1973. Dr. Etnier, who pronounces his name Et-*nyer* ("You give it the old country-boy accent," an associate said), is a trim, brown-haired man of forty, with a certain resemblance to the actor Richard Widmark. On his second visit to the Little Tennessee, he was accompanied by one of his former graduate students, Dr. Robert A. Stiles. They had collecting gear and snorkelling equipment, and, wearing swim trunks, they cruised in the shallows, whose bottom lay from a foot and a half to three feet below them. They found very little. Stiles saw a couple of log perch—one of the larger species of the numerous American freshwater fish known as darters, which are common in streams in the eastern and central United States, and are also found in some of the region's lakes. Next, he saw a greenside, which is a smaller species of darter, and some sculpins—members of a large family of fresh- and saltwater fish. Etnier himself saw nothing at all until he noticed what looked like a sculpin resting in a depression amid the stones. At that, he almost missed it, because its color was the same light brown as the gravel-and-sand river bottom. As Etnier approached, the fish, evidently not greatly disturbed, moved lazily a few inches to a nearby bed of sand and settled down again. Etnier thought it looked too slender to be a sculpin. Slowly and quietly, he closed in on the fish, put his hands gently under its cradle of sand, and lifted it out of the water and into the early-afternoon sunlight. "I immediately realized that I had something that nobody had ever seen in Tennessee waters," he said later. He plumped his catch into a bottle of formaldehyde. The fish, unquestionably a darter of some kind, was a bit under three inches long. Four dark-brown saddles crossed the back like the rungs of a ladder against the generally light-brown background color of the fish. The specimen turned out to be a female.

Etnier thought that the fish most resembled a species of darter from a stream in the Ozark Mountains—a species that had recently been rediscovered by an ichthyologist colleague of his. Both Etnier and his colleague, however, after examining a number of specimens of the newly collected fish, pronounced it an unknown species. So Etnier had to start the complex and laborious procedure of scientific description of the species—a highly detailed comparison of the physical characteristics of the unknown fish with those of other, related species. Among the many minutiae that had to be checked against other types of darters were the number, size, and placement of scales; the size and shape of the head, mouth, and fins; the number of rays in the fins; the coloration and the pattern of coloration. In order to describe the species adequately and to compare it with related species, Etnier and his graduate students collected about fifty more of the darters. This exhaustive operation, interrupted by academic demands, took months. But, in the end, what Etnier had lifted out of the water on that scientifically historic August day was found to be a new species of darter. It entered the world of ichthyology in the pages of the January 22, 1976, issue of the *Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington*, and its full and formal name was given as *Percina tanasi Etnier*.

In scientific nomenclature, the name of the discoverer of a new species is placed after the generic and specific names. Scientific practice omits the final name, so the new darter is usually known to ichthyologists as *Percina tanasi* or *P. tanasi*. Etnier had no choice about the name *Percina*, because his darter was obviously a member of that genus. But the selection of the specific term was his. *Tanasi* was the Cherokee name of a village on the Little Tennessee River which until 1725 was the capital of the Cherokee nation. (The name Tennessee is a corruption of *tanasi*, and was first used in 1762, on maps and reports of Lieutenant Henry Timberlake, a Virginian serving with a combined force of British regulars and colonial militia stationed in the area.) *P. tanasi's* common name, which derives from its main food—aquatic snails of two species—has become widely familiar: it is the snail darter.

DARTERS in general constitute a tribe of some hundred and thirty species of small, carnivorous, perchlike freshwater fish that usually live under or around stones in the rapids or swift currents of clear streams in North America east of the Rockies. The smallest, called the least darter, is about an inch long. The largest common darter is the log perch, which may reach eight inches or more in length. (The freckled darter, an uncommon species inhabiting rivers east of the Mississippi which drain into the Gulf of Mexico, may be even larger.) Since the darters live only east of the Rock-

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ies, even though their kind of habitat is common on the western slopes of the Rockies, some ichthyologists incline to the belief that darters first arrived on this continent prior to the separation of the northern supercontinent called Laurasia (North America and Eurasia), rather than by way of the river systems of the Bering Strait land bridge from Asia. No fossils that would decide this question, however, have so far been discovered.

Some darters are among the most beautifully colored fish known, their bright tones rivalling even those of coral-reef fish. One of the most striking is the male rainbow darter, whose fins during the breeding season are blue, red, orange, and black, and provide, according to one authority, "one of the most spectacular displays of animal beauty" to be found in the natural world. Other male darters may exhibit bright metallic reds, blues, yellows, oranges, and greens at breeding time. In the snail darter, the traces of color are subdued. In the breeding season, from February through April, the intensity of the males' coloration increases slightly: a bit of gold flecks the cheeks, and the saddlelike back stripes seem darker.

During the spawning season, a female darter lays around six hundred eggs in the swift water of the gravel shoals in the shallowest parts of a river. The eggs, rolling along the bottom, have a sticky exterior, and will fasten onto a stone. There, for about two weeks, the embryos inside develop. Upon hatching, they drift downstream to a pool of deep water—if they are lucky, that is: infant mortality, as with most fish, is very high. Probably less than one or two per cent of the eggs laid produce adults. All kinds of darters, including snail darters, probably eat snail-darter eggs and larvae. The deepwater pools act as snail-darter nurseries. For some weeks, the larvae live on the unconsumed egg yolk they carry with them. They are strange, still embryonic-looking things, less than a quarter of an inch long. After the egg yolk is gone, they stay in the pool, feeding on microcrustaceans through the summer. By fall, the diet shifts to snails, and the fish make their way back upstream to the shallows.

The water of the Little Tennessee River, where the snail darter breeds, is cool, swift, and pure. When breeding starts, the temperature of the stream is about forty degrees. In late summer, the readings may climb into the mid-sixties. Usually, the current runs at less than two miles an hour. This may seem slow, but as I was wading at mid-calf depth off Coytee Spring not long ago to get a firsthand view of the habitat, I found the water quite difficult to walk through. I scooped a handful to my mouth. It was clean, cool, and fresh to the taste. The sand and gravel of the riverbed showed crystal-clear. The densest concentration of snail darters in the Little Tennessee is at Coytee Spring, where the river is about a hundred yards wide. Wayne C. Starnes, in a doctoral thesis on the snail darter, has estimated that at this point in the river there is one snail darter in every twenty square yards, though he also notes that higher densities are apparently reached during the reproductive period. The entire breeding range in the river stretches some fifteen miles. It runs upstream from the Tellico Dam, near the river mouth, where the Little Tennessee joins the Tennessee River. Coytee Spring is slightly downstream from the middle point of the breeding range. To contend with the current, the snail darter, which normally lies motionless with head upstream, hugs the bottom, where the current in the riffles and rapids that are its favorite haunts is slower. It keeps its place by two techniques. It uses its large pectoral fins as hydrofoils so that water flowing over them pushes the fish down, and it benefits by the absence of a swim bladder—a trait it shares with such larger marine forms as halibuts, sharks, skates, and rays. It also uses its pelvic fins as props against the bottom, much as a man might brace himself against the ground on a shooting stick. When the current is exceptionally strong, snail darters have been seen resting across the upstream face of a rock—using the rock as a breakwater. They have also been known to burrow into the sand of the streambed, almost burying themselves—possibly a means of saving energy as well as a form of protection. In the Little Tennessee River, the snail darter shares its particular habitat with more than a dozen additional fish species, including half a dozen other darters, two sculpins, several minnows, a sucker, brown trout, and smallmouth bass.

The snail darter is a pure carnivore; that is, it eats only living animal matter. Snails make up more than three-fourths of its diet. In spring, the nutriment is more varied, and includes caddisworms, fish eggs, and the larvae of various flies. As is characteristic of a pure carnivore, the snail darter has a well-defined stomach and a short, thick-walled intestine. Its gape, or mouth opening, is relatively the largest in the whole clan of darters, and enables it to swallow comparatively huge snails. A young darter an inch and a half long can take in the shell of a snail one-eighth its body length.

A careful observation of a feeding darter was made in the early afternoon of a mid-October day a few years back by Starnes, then a graduate student. Using a face mask and a snorkel, and operating in two feet of water, Starnes watched an adult female seek food. In his doctoral dissertation, "The Ecology

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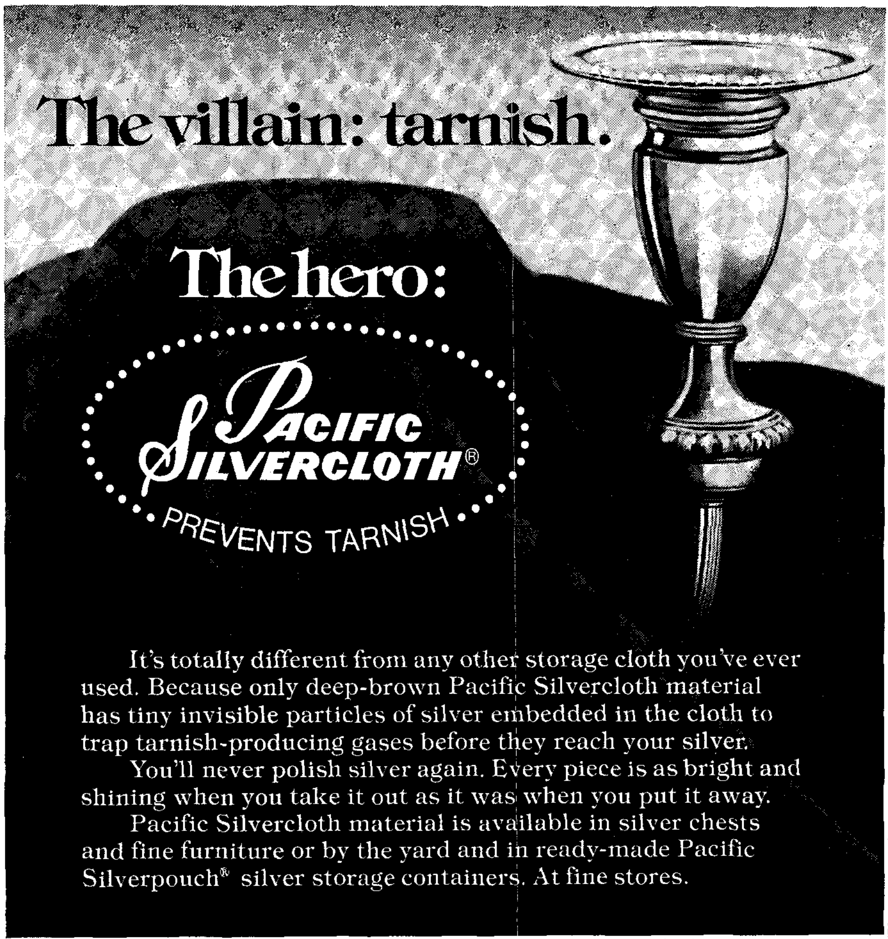

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and Life History of the Endangered Snail Darter," Starnes described the hunt. After stopping for some moments to consider the interloper, the fish, apparently deciding Starnes was harmless, resumed its search. Facing upstream, it reconnoitred systematically, but its progress was slow, marked by "long pauses and short dashes." It scrutinized the rock faces, using its bottom fins as anchoring devices, and snapped its prey off the rock with "a quick sidewise motion of the head and a slight forward movement." Caddisworms enclose themselves in silken cases encrusted with gravel and sand, which some fish swallow whole, but the snail darter removed the animal from its case before eating it. Once it had completed its inspection of a stone, the darter continued upstream on an oblique path to the next stone. In twenty minutes, it progressed about four yards upstream. Then it lifted its fins and allowed the current to carry it back to the original starting point, where it began the procedure over again.

The chief predator of the snail darter is believed to be its close neighbor the sculpin. This creature occupies the same sand-and-gravel beds, and hunts by ambush, dashing out from behind a rock to seize its prey. Such a tactic might well be effective against the snail darter, whose chief defenses are its camouflage markings and its habit of remaining motionless on the river bottom or burrowing into sand—which behaviors probably do protect it against the river's large predators, such as brown trout or migrating sauger or white bass. Snail darters, though, are not for human consumption. "The flavor, I'm sure, would be excellent," Etnier said. "But they're too small."

At the moment, the snail-darter population in the Little Tennessee River is lower than it was when the fish was discovered. This is because in the last several years a large number of the young have been trapped in the Little Tennessee River below the uncompleted Tellico Dam and in the adjacent Tennessee River. The dam, which does not yet hold water, lets the Little Tennessee flow out through sluices, whose current is too swift to permit darters to swim back upstream to spawn, as they normally would. The main population of snail darters today consists of the descendants of several hundred fish that were transferred from the Little Tennessee some years ago to the lower reaches of the Hiwassee River, another tributary of the Tennessee, to see if adaptation to that river was possible. The transplant seems successful, although, to be positive five to fifteen years must lapse after the original implantation. Right now, the Hiwassee snail darters are believed to number about twenty-four hundred.

It now appears that the Tellico Dam may not be completed after all. The Tennessee Valley Authority, the federal body that was authorized by Congress to build the dam, is, under its new chairman, listening to environmentalists' arguments that the very small increment in electricity that the dam would furnish is not justified by the great expense. On the other hand, the more than twenty-five thousand acres of rich farmland that might be affected would produce food that, the environmentalists argue, *is* badly needed. And the river is ideal for recreational purposes. Etnier says, "It is, in my opinion, the best trout stream in the eastern part of the United States, offering large brown trout—a faunal introduction from Europe many years ago which, in contrast to some others, has worked out to be a benefit. In fact, not far from where I caught the first snail darter, there is a deep hole inhabited by a large, crafty brown trout, alleged to have been hooked more than once but never landed." Furthermore, the environmentalists point out, the river is scenic—ideal for family canoeing and picnicking. If the T.V.A. is swayed by these arguments, the earth embankments or the concrete spillway might be opened. Against the slower current this would provide, the snail darters trapped below the dam would be able to swim upstream and join their fellows. Whereupon, Etnier thinks, the population of this tiny fish—a federally designated endangered species, whose survival has hung precariously in the balance of late—will rise once again to several thousand in the pure, riffling waters of the Little Tennessee River, whose darter breeding grounds are far more extensive than those of the Hiwassee. With that and the so-far successful colony in the Hiwassee River, he feels, the snail darter's future should be reasonably secure.

—Eugene Kinkead

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For Several Years schools in Montgomery County, Md., just outside Washington, have been administering tests to candidates for posts as language instructors, and potential English teachers must score at least 80 on a grammar-oriented test. "Our achievement scores had been falling off," said Steven Mosier, the personnel chief. "We saw the tests as one way of improving and impacting grammatics and word usage."—*Arizona Republic.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Famous Orpheus

ELLIOTT CARTER's latest composition, "Syringa," is a twenty-minute piece for mezzo-soprano, bass, and an ensemble of eleven players. It might be called a chamber cantata. The top layer of its text, sung by the mezzo-soprano, is a poem—of eighty-seven lines, most of them long—by John Ashbery, which was written for Carter to set. The title is unexplained. It carries the associations of reflorescence, of recurrence, of a sight reawakening emotions from a poignant past which have long been attached to the lilac by Whitman's Lincoln elegy. To paraphrase the prose sense of an Ashbery poem is seldom easy. His "Syringa," as I read it, has an autobiographical starting point in some keen loss suffered long ago, something comparable to Orpheus' loss of Eurydice, which changed the burden of his song from celebration of "the glad personal quality/Of the things beneath the sky"—Eurydice being "a part/Of this"—into passionate lament. That is just the starting point; the themes of the poem are a poet's possible ways of dealing with grief and continuing with life, and the legend of Orpheus provides a precedent. Precedent can become vivid and personal when in the tale of "a totally different incident with a similar name" there are discerned "hidden syllables/Of what happened so long before that/In some small town." Ashbery uses images that seem to enshrine memories from that small town:

> Singing accurately
> So that the notes mount straight up out
> of the well of
> Dim noon and rival the tiny, sparkling
> yellow flowers
> Growing around the brink of the quarry,
> encapsulizes
> The different weights of the things.

But memories cannot be caught in "a single snapshot." Life flows as music flows, and the value of one moment or one note cannot be known until all is done: " 'The end crowns all,'/Meaning also that the 'tableau'/Is wrong." So long as Orpheus' songs dwell only upon his lost Eurydice, he was as the reeds in a river or grasses beneath the wind, stirred by life but not a participant. "Syringa" is also a poem about the making of a poem (or a song) while "the whole wheel/Of recorded history flashes past." It proves apt for musical treatment.

Along with Ashbery's lines, Carter has set a second text, a Greek anthology of his own compilation, which is sung by the bass. In a program note, the composer talks of expressing "the subliminal background that might be evoked in the mind of a reader [of Ashbery's poem]"—a background that includes Plato, Attic tragedy, and thoughts of a possibly historical Orpheus who was more than an incantatory singer and founded an important religion. Carter begins in the beginning, with the Creation story of Orphic writings, including some lines attributed to Orpheus himself. But when the bass arrives at the birth of Eros, fairest among the immortal gods, he breaks down on the word "*ἀθανάτοισι*" ("immortal"), and moves into exclamations of lament. The priest becomes the bereft husband; Gluck's famous "Che farò senza Euridice?" finds a counterpart in a line from "Alcestis," "*σὺ γάρ, ὦ μόνα, ὦ φίλα γυναικῶν*" ("For you, O only one, O dear wife"). It coincides with the sentence in Ashbery's poem "Then one day, everything changed." While the mezzo tells how Apollo came to Orpheus and bade him cease lamenting, the bass sings Mimnermus' version of "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," as if opposing to the passionate "What is life to me without her?" (an old translation of "Che farò?") Mimnermus' "What is life without Aphrodite . . . without stolen meetings, lovers' gifts, and lovers' union?" (Mimnermus mourned his lost flute girl, Nanno, in graceful measures.) When Orpheus was killed, his head, still singing, down the stream was sent until it reached the Lesbian shore. For a hundred and fifty bars, the bass sings love songs by Sappho and then a springtime love song by Ibycus while the mezzo tells of Orpheus' later life, his death, and his philosophy; Carter makes the natural images in Ibycus and in Ashbery coincide. The bass then recounts (from the "Symposium") Phaedrus' version of Orpheus' descending into Hell—that he was sent empty away, with only a wraith of Eurydice, because, mere minstrel that he was, he did not dare, like Alcestis, to die for love. This coincides with a difficult stretch of the Ashbery poem, a meditation on illusion and comprehension which is ascribed to horses—and comes rather close to being Thoughts We Doubt Each Horse Thought.

The play of ideas between the English and the Greek texts is analogous to the play of musical ideas so often found in Carter's chamber works. The two strands may be independent or related; one may seize upon and adopt elements of the other; related passages may be presented simultaneously or lapped, or even widely separated, leaving the listener to make the connections. In "Syringa," there is also an occasional interplay of similar sounds between the two languages: an Aeschylean pun on "Apollo" (from the "Agamemnon")

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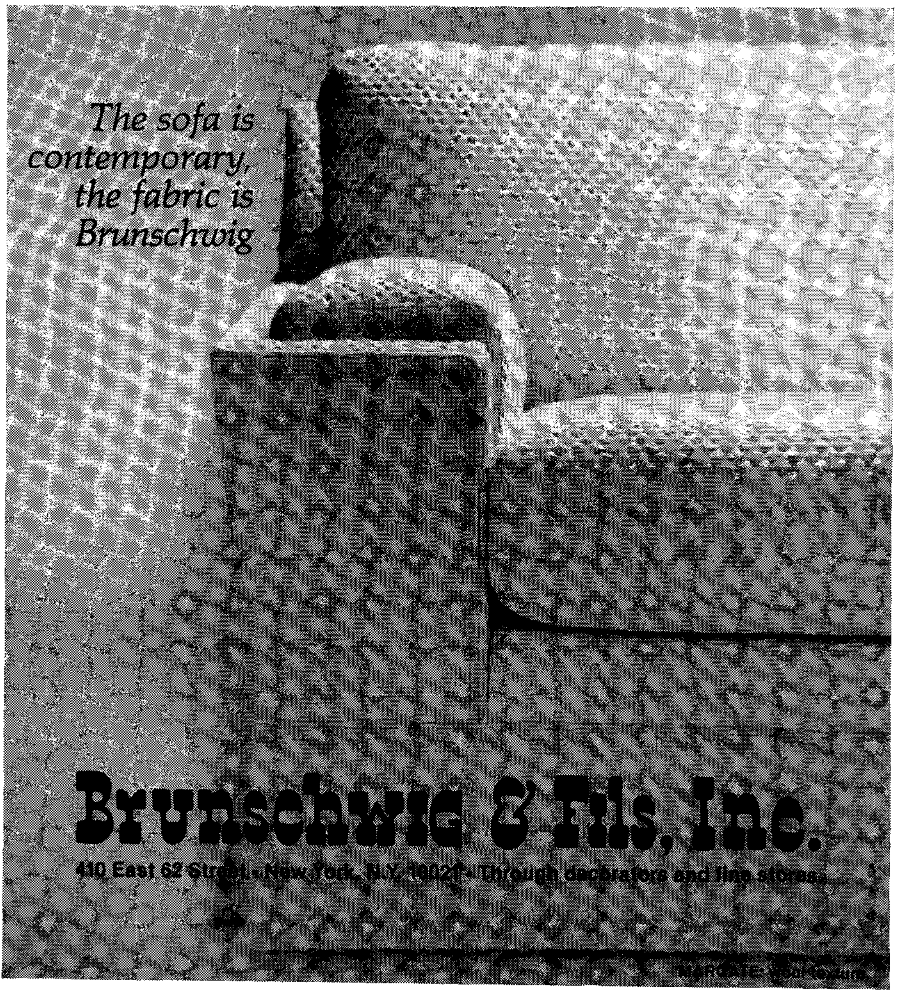
is followed by a Carterian diglot pun when the bass's cry of "*στέλλου, κομίζου*" (or "*stellōo, komizōo*," "Begone, go away," from "Prometheus Bound") is taken up by the mezzo's "Stellification/Is for the few." Carter's Greek text ends with a musing on "*σῶμα, σῆμα*," from Socrates' reflection, in the "Cratylus," that in Orphic doctrine the body (*σῶμα*) is but the sign, or even the tomb (*σῆμα*), of the soul—as if the soul, buried in its present existence, could make signs only through the body. The mezzo's last word, "summer," echoes the bass's "*sōma, sēma*." Although the words are unrelated in meaning, the congruence of sounds, the music made by consonants with varied vowels, provides a satisfying cadence.

From all this, it must be clear that "Syringa" is not just the latest in the long, long line of compositions celebrating music's power of stirring men to mirth, melancholy, compassion, and awe. Carter invites us to move between "some small town" and the ancient world where—in the words of W. K. C. Guthrie's "Orpheus and Greek Religion"—"we find ourselves among men to whom [Orpheus] meant much more than a kind of superior snake-charmer, who understood the power of melody to sway the creatures of animate or inanimate nature to his will." His spirit left its mark on Greek philosophy, thought, and religion, crossed to Rome, and was known to the early Christians. The intellectual content of "Syringa" is rich and dense. I would recommend anyone approaching it—may it soon be recorded—to read in advance not just the Ashbery poem (several times) and the Greek texts but also Guthrie's book, I. M. Linforth's "The Arts of Orpheus," and the further studies and the poems to which those books will lead him. Not that "Syringa" cannot be enjoyed without such preparation. At the first performance, which was given in Alice Tully Hall last month by Jan DeGaetani, Thomas Paul, and the Speculum Musicae, conducted by Harvey Sollberger, the audience was handed a sheet containing only the Ashbery poem, not the Greek texts. The English could be followed. As for the subliminal background: those that understood Mr. Paul smiled at one another; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me—a Greek in which cries on Apollo and Eros, and cries of despair ("ὤ," "ἔα," "ὀτοτοτοῖ") that need no translation, but not much else could be comprehended. "Syringa," however, is musically eloquent independent of its texts. The patterns of line, gesture, and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timbre, the sound of the two languages interacting, and the rhythmic tensions and releases made sense—not the full sense that only study of the words can reveal, but enough.

"Syringa" sounds beautiful. Orpheus' lute is here a guitar (it was wonderfully well played by Scott Kuney), and the instrument opens the piece as if exploring the first mysteries of musical language: the jar of adjacent semitones sharply twanged, the impulse that propels a leading note toward its resolution, the resultant pang if that resolution is delayed. When the bass enters to take up the line, this "lute" strikes chords in accompaniment. Cello, bass clarinet, viola, alto flute, violin, English horn, double-bass join in, one by one. The piano and the drums are held back until the moment when "everything changed" as Eurydice was lost. Then the trombone enters, to add force to Orpheus' violent, rock-rending cries of despair. ("Fissures" is a word Ashbery might perhaps have avoided in a text intended for singing; the ear hears "fishers," even "fishes," and is distracted for a moment.) The appearance of Apollo is heralded by a still moment, a solo signal on the alto flute, and then soft, limpid vibraphone chords. The alto flute comes to the fore in the Sappho fragments. Ashbery's passage about "The way music passes, emblematic/ Of life," coincident with Sappho's "Cool waters from above sing as they flow through the apple orchard," inspires some of the most seductive pages that Carter has penned, a soft web of lilting yet elusive rhythms and tender, lapped melodies. The final pages seem to be a mystic transfiguration of this passage.

The two singers were admirable. Miss DeGaetani has acquired a new way with words. To her old command of an exquisite, profoundly expressive musical line she has added a power of inflecting that line with verbal sense, and—aided, of course, by the composer's delicate, incisive word setting—she caught to perfection the varied tone of Ashbery's verses, which ranges from the conversational to the elevated. Mr. Paul, called on to be in turn hieratic, rhetorical, impassioned, lyrical, and pensive, fulfilled every demand. The Speculum playing lived along every line.

"SYRINGA" was done in an all-Carter program—Speculum's only New York concert of the season—on the eve of Carter's seventieth birthday. The concert began with the Brass Quintet (1974), played by the American Brass Quintet, and ended with the Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano (1961), in which Paul Jacobs and Ursula Oppens were the soloists and Richard Fitz was the conductor. After "Syringa," Carter's Elizabeth Bishop song cycle, "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1975), was done by its dedicatees, Susan Wyner and Speculum, under Mr. Fitz. Like "Syringa," the two recent works and the earlier one were performed with superlative accomplishment; the concert was the climax of the Carter septuagenary celebrations that made New York's musical life rich during the final months of 1978. This "Carter festival" began in late October with a League-ISCM program, in Carnegie Recital Hall, which included early chamber music and songs. In November, there was chamber music in the Juilliard Theatre played by the Juilliard String Quartet (the Second Quartet, of 1959), by the Atlantic Woodwind Quartet (the Eight Etudes, of 1950), and by the pianist Gilbert Kalish (joining the cellist and then the leader of the Juilliard Quartet in the Cello Sonata, of 1948, and the Duo for Violin and Piano, of 1974). In Tully Hall, the Juilliard Orchestra, under Sixten Ehrling, gave the New York première of the suite made in 1941, and revised in 1969, from the ballet "Pocahontas" (1936). The Gregg Smith Singers, in the same hall, revived some of Carter's early choral settings. At the end of the month, the Philharmonic, under Zubin Mehta, gave the New York deuxième of the Piano Concerto (1965), with Miss Oppens as soloist. In December, two days before the Speculum concert, the Composers String Quartet played Carter's three string quartets in one program, up at Columbia. On his birthday, the American Composers Orchestra, under Dennis Russell Davies, played the Variations for Orchestra (1955). The next day, Michael Boriskin played the Piano Sonata, and four days after that Richard Sher and Bernard Rose played the Cello Sonata, both in Carnegie Recital Hall. Which left unheard a few small pieces and, of the larger compositions, the Symphony No. 1 (1942, revised in 1954), the ballet "The Minotaur" (1947), the Woodwind Quintet (1948), and the two orchestral pieces written to Philharmonic commissions: the Concerto for Orchestra (1969) and the Symphony of Three Orchestras (1977). However, recordings of all but the first and last of these were broadcast in a set of five WNCN pro-

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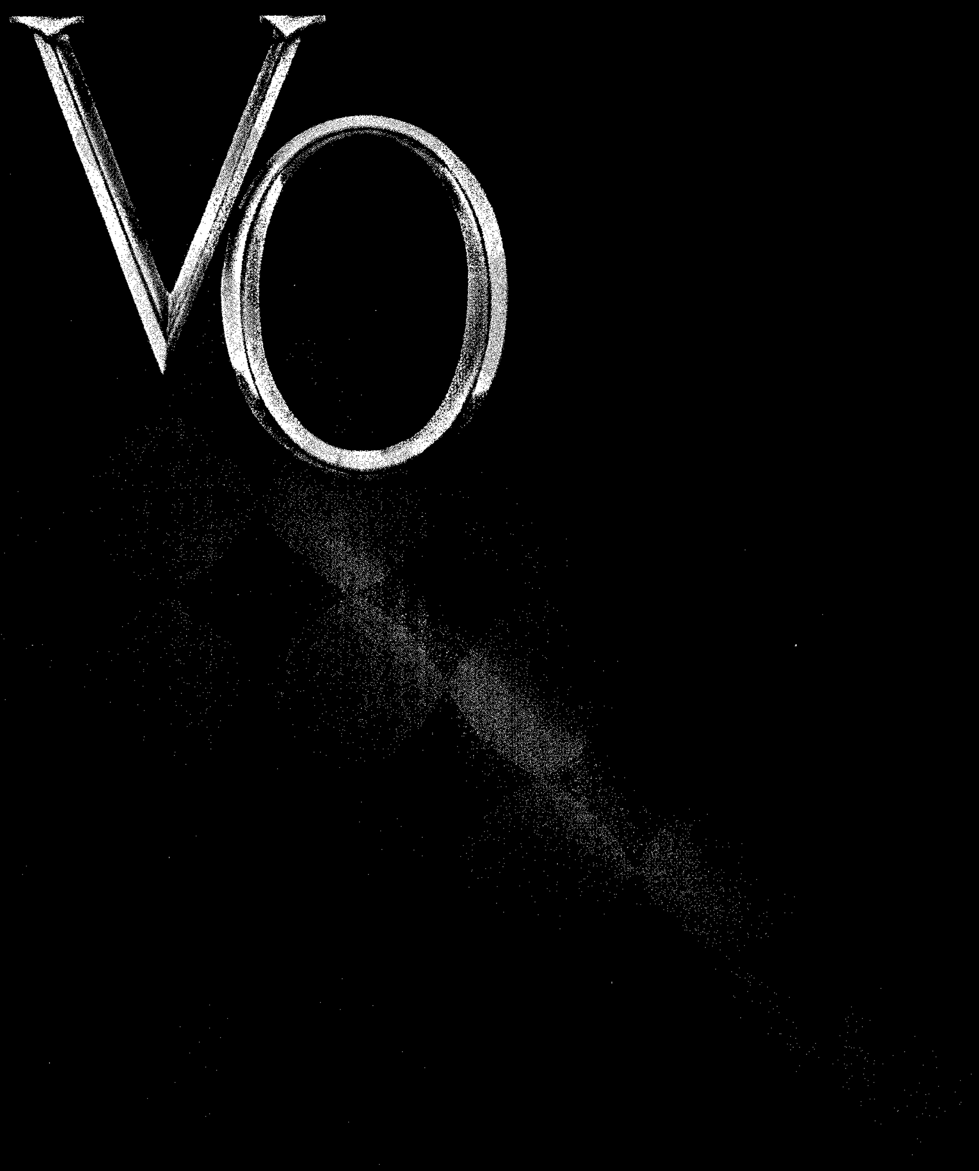

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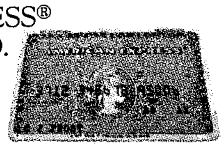

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grams devoted to Carter. From the English office of his principal publishers there came a booklet with a perceptive essay by Bayan Northcott, tributes, and a catalogue. No. XIX of J. F. Weber's Discography Series, dealing with Carter and William Schuman, gave details of the fifty-eight recordings of Carter's music. (It is obtainable, for one dollar, from 310 Genesee Street, Utica, New York 13502.) The last two Carter entries are Columbia recordings of the "Mirror" and the Symphony of Three Orchestras, the latter made as long ago as February, 1977, but both of them still unreleased.

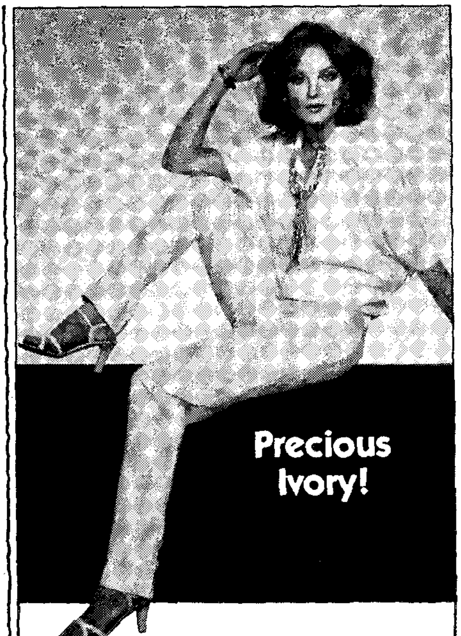
I attended most but not quite all of the celebrations. They provided not so much revaluation of Carter's music as confirmation of the value long attached to it. Six years ago, when his Third String Quartet appeared, I wrote that "internationally, Elliott Carter . . . is now America's most famous living composer," and chose words carefully at a time when Ives's music, too, was prominent in Europe and Carter's was less frequently played in America than it is now. The pieces that have appeared since then—the Duo for Violin and Piano, the Brass Quintet, the "Mirror," the Symphony of Three Orchestras, and now "Syringa"—and, equally, increasingly revelatory performances of earlier works once but imperfectly executed prompt a less cautiously limited affirmation. In a "world view" there are perhaps six established very important composers active today: Carter and Tippett, now in their seventies; Boulez, Henze, and Stockhausen, in their fifties; and Maxwell Davies, in his forties. (If I omit Messiaen, who is one day older than Carter, it is because I am thinking of composers not only distinguished by the creation of a large body of substantial works in many forms, and by an individual, quickly recognizable voice, but also "active" in the sense that each new work of theirs breaks new ground.) Any attempt to order the six would be silly; each of them has different things to offer, on which various listeners place different values. But I do think it at least likely that if there were to be an international poll to nominate "the greatest living composer" Carter's name would lead all the rest.

The basic musical facts of his career have been set out often enough to need no restatement. The clearest account of his development is probably his own essay "Music and the Time Screen," published in "Current Thought in Musicology" (1976) and reprinted in "The Writings of Elliott Carter" (1977). It recounts his thoughts about rhythm, time, and metre; about harmony; and about musical "character" implicit in instruments themselves. (Although Carter taxes the musical intelligence of his executants to the utmost and stretches their traditional techniques, he never asks them to produce outré, unmusical noises foreign to the nature of their instruments.) But toward the end of the essay he confesses that what he has discussed is only

> the outer shell, the wrapping of the music. The reason for writing it—for developing it in the way described, for weighing every note, chord, rhythm in the light of their expressive intention and their living, spontaneous interrelationships, and the judging of it all, almost unconsciously, against a private standard of what gives me genuine sensuous pleasure, of what seems fascinating, interesting, imaginative, moving, and of urgent importance—cannot be put into words.

A little earlier, he remarks ruefully that "the artistic horizon of the American composer is not expanded by life in a society that is unable to furnish him with artistic and intellectual ideas and critiques of sufficient depth, clarity, and quality to be of much use." And yet his isolation, his independence of vogue, and his sturdy insistence on remaining an essentially American composer when he could have been—was, is—an idol of enthusiastic European audiences have surely been a source of his strength. He cannot be fitted into any movements or modes. The companions on his voyages of exploration into a world of new music have been not other composers but imaginative writers whose imagery has suggested to him structure, texture, even "content" for compositions; some inspiring executants who bring his notes to life with love and intelligence; and also—or so it seems to me—natural phenomena: patterns made by wind, water, and light, the maculation on a birch trunk, the striations of a shell. For these last I have no evidence but that of my feelings—not while I listen (there is seldom overt "tone painting" in Carter's music; the wheeling gull flight of the trumpet solo near the start of the Symphony of Three Orchestras is a graphic exception) but afterward, when, trying to find words, I resort to similes from nature to describe the mysterious satisfaction of senses and spirit which the music has afforded.

CARTER himself points to the First String Quartet, of 1951, as the work in which he found his individual voice. He went into the wilderness, literally, to create it. For the first time,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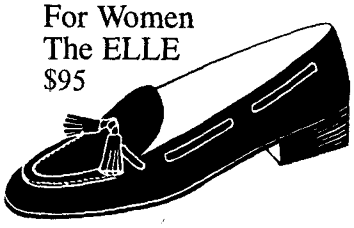

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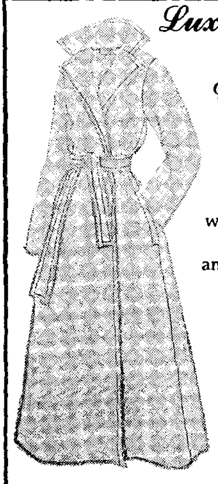
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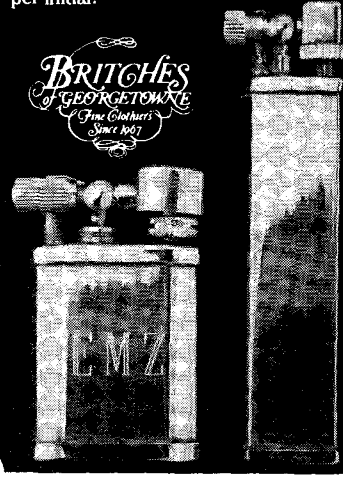

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he composed without considering what difficulties he might be putting in the way of both performers and listeners. Paradoxically, the piece was played more widely than anything he had written before. From the quartet, the richly branching lines to the later compositions are easy to follow. But in the earlier compositions heard during the birthday celebrations the accents of that voice were already sounding. In the 1945 song "Voyage" (admirably sung and played at the League concert by Susan and Yehudi Wyner), the vocal line, floating above and free of the piano part, adumbrates the two kinds of motion, simultaneous but not synchronous, heard in so many of his later works. The first and last of "Three Poems of Robert Frost" (same performers, same comment), of 1942, reveal the wit and the sparkle that often make Carter's music lovable. These qualities could be heard again twinkling in the Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord, of 1952 (played by Mr. Sollberger, Steve Taylor, Eric Bartlett, and Mr. Jacobs to close the League concert), in the Brass Quintet, and in the Double Concerto. Carter, like Haydn, can bring a smile of pure pleasure to a listener's lips, but interpreters who have long since mastered his rhythms and his notes, who can play with the music as well as play it, are needed to reveal the charm and humor—mischief, even—of the musical working. In "Pocahontas" one finds a composer familiar with Stravinsky and Hindemith, and some measures not far from the "American pastoral" vein of Copland or Barber, but also, and more often, a characteristically Carterian kind of rhythmic motion. "Elegy," which was played at the League concert, in its viola-and-piano arrangement, by Guillermo Figueroa and Alan Feinberg, may date back to the thirties, according to David Schiff's program note; its long, lyrical span already looks to the shapely, self-generating melodies of the latest works.

At the Composers String Quartet recital, concentration—on works that call for very great concentration—was made difficult by the presence of glaring lights beating down into the audience's eyes and of an obtrusive film crew walking about the hall, and even across the platform, during the music. But, so far as I could tell, the Quartet played the pieces—especially No. 2—with even more eloquence than it brought to its earlier, justly celebrated performances. The Composers Orchestra account of the Variations was excellently vivid and balanced. Miss Op-

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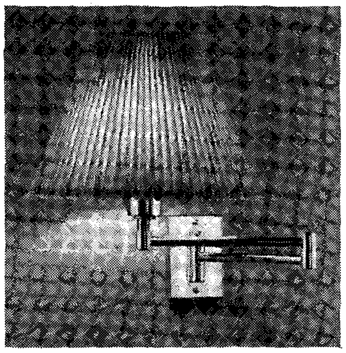

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pens was a thoroughly satisfying soloist at the second and third of the three Philharmonic performances of the Piano Concerto. At the first, she had seemed a shade reticent, but at the others she was both commanding and very expressive. However, the seven-instrument concertino, intermediary between the soloist and the full-orchestra mass, did not stand out clearly, and the three big woodwind solos of the second movement lacked sharpness of characterization. It was better than the old recording. But I feel I have still to hear the whole piece as lucidly and lovingly rendered in all its details as the Double Concerto was at the Speculum concert.

WHAT next? One Sunday afternoon in December, there was a three-hour Carter program on WKCR, during which the composer revealed that before the summer is out he hopes to have finished a piano piece for Miss Oppens, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Kalish, and Charles Rosen (who played the Piano Concerto in London last year)—not an eight-hand piece but a response to requests from each of those four notable Carter pianists. Similarly, the Fires of London, the London Sinfonietta, and Boulez's IRCAM ensemble, in Paris, which have all asked for a new composition, may be given one to share among them. Meanwhile, the feast of recent months has still to be digested. Thank heavens for the phonograph: the only way to understand Carter's music is to listen to it, and listen again. But the real performances, the play of so many different fine musicians upon music that was written to live on the breaths and under the fingers of its executants (the account of the Brass Quintet, for example, was not note perfect, but it was freer and more vivid than the one on the Odyssey recording), and the cumulation of so many sensuously pleasing, imaginative, moving, and important compositions brought new understanding and new enjoyment. —ANDREW PORTER

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Miscellany

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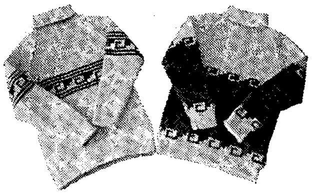

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them on a reissue of a record entitled "Emperor Waltz," which contains a number of Strauss's most popular waltzes and polkas (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 134; single disc). The orchestra is the Berlin Radio Symphony, and the performance is wholly delightful.

d. ehrenberg

Haydn's "Il Mondo Della Luna" is the latest of Antal Dorati's resurrections of the operas of that composer (Philips 6769.003; eight sides). It is a comic opera involving a fake astrologer with a telescope who convinces a friend that the Emperor of the Moon has invited him, the astrologer, to be his guest. The friend wants to go, too. Both drink a magic potion and fall asleep. Meanwhile, another character has fixed up the astrologer's garden to look like a moonscape, and he enters the stage pompously as the Emperor. There are two romances among the younger members of the cast, which are resolved by the friend's supposed stay on the moon. The opera is based on a play by Carlo Goldoni. The cast includes Arleen Augér, Edith Mathis, Domenico Trimarchi, Luigi Alva, Frederica von Stade, Lucia Valentini Terrani, and Anthony Rolfe Johnson. The chorus is that of the Radio Suisse Romande, and the orchestra is the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne. Everything here is exquisite.

Bach's great B-Minor Mass has received another recording, this one reduced in scale to the dimensions of the Baroque orchestra (Philips 6769.002; six sides). It is performed by the Academy and Chorus of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting, with Margaret Marshall, Janet Baker, Robert Tear, and Samuel Ramey as the soloists. This is a refreshingly subtle rendition, totally lacking in the booming nineteenth-century resonances that are often heard in this work.

Telemann's compositions for oboe are performed by Heinz Holliger, with the assistance of Christiane Jaccottet, harpsichord; Nicole Hostettler, spinet; Philippe Mermoud, cello; and Manfred Sax, bassoon (Philips 9500.441; single). Here is oboe playing of the highest order. The works are contemporary with those of Bach.

New World Records has brought out a disc on which Malcolm Frager plays piano music by such highly skilled (and neglected) American composers as Adolph Martin Foerster, Henry F. Gilbert, Henry Holden Huss, Horatio Parker, Ethelbert Nevin, Edward MacDowell, and John Knowles Paine (NW 206; single). These were turn-of-the-century composers, all of whom were expert pianists, too.

Schumann's Piano Concerto in A Minor; Konzertstück (Introduction and Allegro Appassionato) in G Major, Opus 92; Novelette in F Major, Opus 21, No. 1; and Toccata in C Major, Opus 7, are played by the superb Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter, with the National Philharmonic Symphony of Warsaw, Witold Rowicki and Stanislaw Wislocki conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 181; single). It goes without saying that these performances are remarkable for their subtlety.

Tamás Vásáry has performed both of Liszt's piano concertos, along with the St. Francis Legend No. 2 and the Paganini Étude No. 2 in E Flat Major, with the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, Felix Prohaska conductor (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 131; single). This is Liszt played in the most authoritative manner.

Lorin Maazel, with the Berlin Philharmonic, has recorded Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 ("Italian") and Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"). The performance of the "Italian" Symphony is fast and full of brightness; that of the "Reformation" suitably sombre. Both are elegant and full of insight (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 171; single).

The old master conductor Karl Böhm is represented on a disc containing Mozart's most popular overtures (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 229; single). The orchestras are different, but all are topnotch. They are the Staatskapelle of Dresden; the Vienna Philharmonic; the Orchestra of the Deutsche Oper, Berlin; and the Orchestra of the National Theatre of Prague. The performances are lucid and technically excellent.

The late Vladimir Sofronitski, a Russian pianist not very well known in this country, was an extremely sensitive and brilliant artist. Westminster has just issued a disc on which he plays works by Scriabin (WG-8358; single). His playing here is highly skilled and memorable.

The Russian composer Rodion Shchedrin has a style surprisingly atonal and otherwise "modern" for one writing under the rules that prevail in his country. His Symphony No. 2 has been issued by Westminster

(WG-8357; single). It is a crotchety work that will not please everybody, but it is skillfully written and has a certain dramatic force.

Brahms' Quintet in F Minor, Opus 34, is one of his most beautiful works. It is played by the Borodin Quartet, with Sviatoslav Richter, pianist, on another Westminster disc, which reveals all its beauty (WG-8356).

THE Russians seem to be taking a fervent interest in American music. A recent instance of this interest is George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and the Concerto in F for Piano and Orchestra played by, respectively, the U.S.S.R. State Symphony Orchestra, under Gennady Rozhdestvensky, with the pianist Alexander Zwassman, and the Moscow Philharmonic Academic Symphony, under Kiril Kondrashin, with Piotr Pechersky as the soloist (Westminster WG-8355). There seems to be no ethnic barrier whatever: the interpretations are as idiomatic as could be desired.

Haydn's Piano Trios H XV, C 1; H XV, F 1; H XV, No. 36; and a Trio in D Major—a work of disputed authenticity—are performed on a recent disc by the Beaux Arts Trio (Philips 9500.472; single). The disputed work certainly sounds like Haydn, and the performances are examples of the finest ensemble playing.

The Spanish guitarist Pepe Romero has recorded works by a number of Spanish Baroque composers, including Sanz, Milán, Mudarra, Narváez, Pisador, and Enríquez de Valderrábano (Philips 9500.351; single). Romero is an expert, and his performances are unexceptionable.

Deutsche Grammophon has recorded Ravel's Piano Concerto in G Major and his Piano Concerto in D Major for the Left Hand (2535 312; single). The pianist is Monique Haas, with the Paris National Orchestra, Paul Paray conducting. The interpretations are elegant and careful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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BOOKS

J.B.Y.

THE face of the Irish painter John Butler Yeats—pointed, bright-eyed, inquisitive, humorous—bears no resemblance to the better-known face of his elder son, the poet William Butler Yeats. The son's face is heavy, almost sullen: the eyes brood downward, aslant; the chin is truculent, the mouth sulky. The father has been described briefly by critics and biographers of the son but seen at an angle, through the eyes of the adolescent or adult poet. Now a full-length biography of J. B. Yeats—"Prodigal Father," by William M. Murphy (Cornell; $27.50)—offers a fresh view of the whole Yeats family, and of their society and culture. Until the publication of the authorized biography of W. B. Yeats (to be written by the historian F. S. L. Lyons, of Trinity College, Dublin), "Prodigal Father" will remain the only substantial view of the Yeatses.

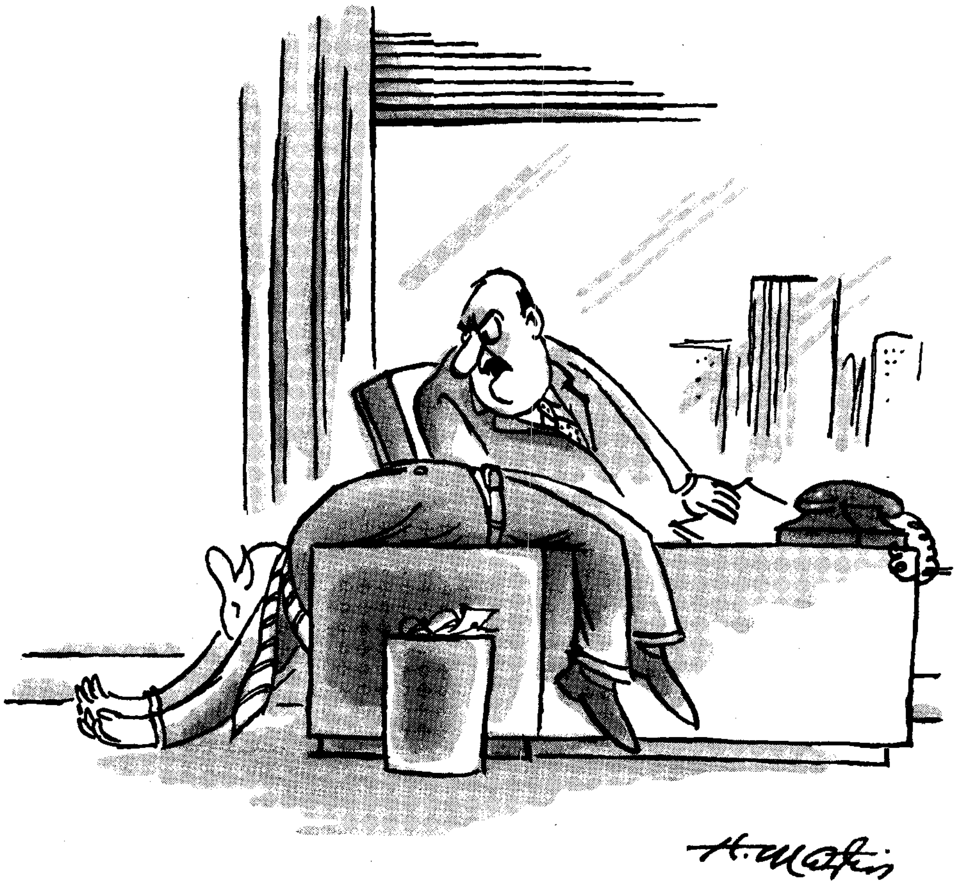
Six hundred pages, largely factual, recount the long life (1839-1922) of a very odd man, whose oddest act was to expatriate himself to New York City at the age of sixty-eight. He remained in New York until he died, shortly before his eighty-third birthday. After he left Ireland, he never again saw two of his four children or any of his other relatives; though he had the means to return on more than one occasion, he postponed, evaded, eluded, and refused departure. This curious detachment both from duty and from affection is the quality in John Butler Yeats which provokes disagreement about his nature. Some see the detachment as the artist's devotion to his profession; others interpret it as plain human selfishness. J. B. Yeats's second-oddest act was to spend eleven of the fourteen years in New York painting a self-portrait in oils which became his Penelope's web: whatever he finished, he scraped out and re-began. It remained "unfinished" at his death. The paradox of a man who repudiates all family responsibility in order to paint and then cannot finish most of his paintings flickers through Professor Murphy's pages, and causes some of the vacillation in attitude which, to his credit, Murphy persists in to the end. Perhaps no modern biography can be utterly admiring or utterly damning. Murphy's rueful remarks qualify his considerable attraction to John Butler Yeats and strengthen his polemic against harsher judgments of his subject. At the same time, a story quite other than the one he tells could be made of the same facts and the same quotations.

Murphy begins with an account of J. B. Yeats's ancestors, who were well-connected Irish Protestants. The painter himself began a brief autobiography, "Early Memories," with these words:

> Why I became an artist is a question which every artist must sometimes put to himself. It was my father who made me an artist. . . . When I was a little child, like other children I took to drawing, and my father being very appreciative of his children admired what I drew. In those days there was a heavy tax on paper as a defence against cheap journalism, & the radical movements which it was bound to foster, and my mother, being, as are most mothers, careful of expenditure, and not very sympathetic toward my artistic strivings, was always reluctant to give me paper on which I could draw. However, my father was an Irish gentleman of the old school and not at all thrifty; from him I could always get as much paper as I wanted.

His father was his "friend and counsellor," J. B. Yeats writes, and his mother his "conscience." It would seem that, spiritually speaking, whenever the internalized counsellor-friend offered a blank canvas, the internalized conscience prohibited the "waste" of such activity, and a perpetual interior paralysis resulted. It is curious that William Butler Yeats opened an autobiography written privately in 1915-17 with an anecdote representing, like his father's earlier one, a determining relation between father and son. He tells how his reading of Ruskin "enraged my father, who was a disciple of John Stuart Mill's," and says, "One night a quarrel over Ruskin came to such a height that in putting me out of the room he broke the glass in a picture with the back of my head."

John Butler Yeats was what we might nowadays call an exemplary passive-aggressive. His father intended him for a barrister, and he obediently entered the profession but simply refused to practice it. (After years of his total neglect of his profession, his wife was still hopefully putting "barrister" as his identifying employment on the children's baptismal certificates.) He would accept commissions for paintings but so delay and exasperate the sitters that they would refuse to continue, and the paintings would remain unfin-



"Damn it, Hollingford, I wish you wouldn't drape yourself all over my desk when I'm talking to you."

ished. He would willingly entertain suggestions about the improvement of his finances and willfully ignore them. He would enter into schemes for his return to Ireland from New York but put off the sailing with one excuse after another until, worn down by his ready acquiescence and absolute immobility, the exhorters and arrangers would give up. In short, he was the most maddening of men—seemingly flexible but in fact wholly obdurate.

Murphy includes vivid quotations from J. B. Yeats's letters and essays—many of the excerpts from letters here published for the first time—and places the painter's life against a very wide backdrop of Irish and American society. The story that unfolds is scarcely more comic than tragic. After an apparently happy childhood, J.B.Y. (the initials are Murphy's shorthand) was shocked by the discipline of boarding school, where the mindless "code" of morals insisted on by the headmaster prevented the growth of all interior moral consciousness: "The discipline from without was too searching and too constant for that other discipline from within to have a chance. When I left that school for good, I felt myself to be empty of morals. . . . My legacy from that school was a vivid and perfectly unconscious selfishness." In fact, the lack of provision in schools for a boy of visual gifts and individual temperament is a theme that pervades J.B.Y.'s life up through the schooling of his elder son. In a lecture he delivered in 1907, when his son was over forty and he himself almost seventy, the memory of the stupidity of his boarding-school masters still rankled:

> We are all familiar with instances of boys who, exceptionally quick and clever to ordinary observation, are almost unteachable at school. It would be thought cruel, as well as impossible, to attempt teaching grammar and arithmetic to a young musical genius in a concert-room where musicians were playing; yet this is precisely what is done every time we try to teach grammar and such things to a boy with the eyes of a painter.

The musical boy, he continues, is taken up and fondled and encouraged. "But how about the boy with the wonderful eye?" That boy will know every detail of form and color in the schoolroom and in the faces of his classmates, but such observation, which leads to his being "a physiognomist who has never heard of Lavater," is only the preliminary to that "happy moment when, having exhausted his interest in scientific inquiry, there will burst upon him the glorious world of intellectual desire." That glorious world of intel-

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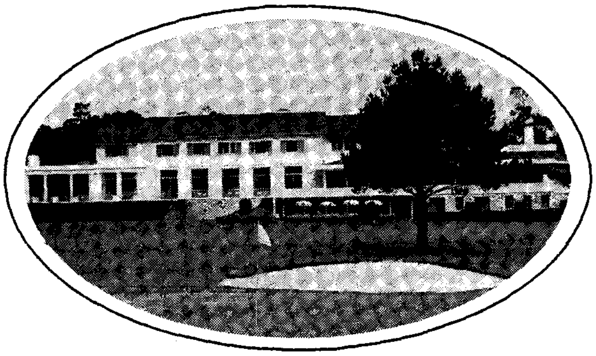

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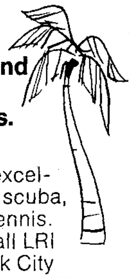

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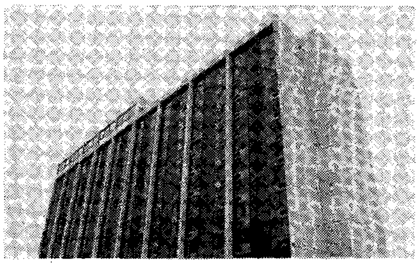
lectual desire and the equally glorious world of visual or aesthetic delight—unknown to the "menacing dominies" of secondary education—made boarding school a torture to both father and son. Murphy reproduces a report card from the Godolphin School when W.B.Y. was eleven in which we read that the future poet placed nineteenth out of thirty-one students in "English," that he was "very poor in spelling," and that his "holiday task" was to be the "revision of History and Geography done during term." The heart sinks at the blindness of the report: as Evelyn Waugh once remarked in a letter, if we had advanced no further in the human arts than in the art of education we should still be dividing our meat with our fingers and drinking out of the palms of our hands.

At boarding school, J.B.Y. made one long-lasting friendship, with a strange boy from Sligo—a boy with no opinions but with a hypnotic gift for narrative—George Pollexfen. In large part to bind himself more closely to his friend, J.B.Y. married George's sister Susan, affirming, in a thinly disguised fiction—an unpublished short story—that he did not love her but that she would probably not notice. The marriage produced six children, two of whom died in infancy. The four who survived were, to call them by their family names, the brothers Willie and Jack and the sisters Lily and Lollie. Mrs. Yeats was to become more and more neurasthenic, reclusive, and disapproving, living out her last years in mental illness caused or aggravated by a stroke, while her husband, becoming ever less domestically attached, shifted the care of his wife onto his daughters and a housekeeper, and lived a quasi-bachelor existence in his studio. J.B.Y. seems not to have required women as sexual companions; though there is a rumor of one proposal of marriage after his wife's death, there is no hint in Murphy's pages of romances or flirtations. Katharine Tynan, who visited the Yeatses when W.B.Y. was in his twenties, referred to the housekeeper, Rose Hodgins, as the "second mother to this family of gifted children, among whom I include the parents," and J.B.Y.'s relative lack of interest in women may stem from the simple truth that all his life he seems to have remained a dependent child.

He absented himself from the household—his wife, the servants, the increasing number of children—to spend time with painters, supporting his family on erratic revenues as a landlord. (Eventually, all the family lands were



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sold, and J.B.Y. made a long and successful career of sponging off friends.) The rents came in irregularly, and usually were spent immediately to pay off debts that were already dangerously large, so there were no periods of affluence. Once, when people came for tea there was nothing to serve them; Willie borrowed three shillings from a guest, supposedly on his own account, and then ran to a nearby store for butter and tea. (Later, as a young man, W.B.Y. mentions in a letter to Katharine Tynan that the solitary available candle is guttering; a postscript announces that he has had to light a match to address the envelope.) One way of saving money in this penniless household was for Mrs. Yeats to return in the summers to her parents' house in Sligo. Or, at least, the excuse of thrift was put forward; the marital strain probably meant that Mrs. Yeats was happier as a daughter in her parents' house than as a wife in her husband's parlor, where the guests ignored her and she sat silent through their artists' talk. One is reminded of Wallace Stevens' wife's returning for months at a time to her family's house in Reading. On occasion, Mrs. Yeats and her children stayed longer than a summer. Willie lived in Sligo from the time he was seven till he was nine; Jack from eight to sixteen. The Pollexfens of Sligo were too puritanical and commercial to suit J.B.Y., whom they never forgave for choosing painting over the law, and all his life he retained a satiric sense of them, coupled with an unwilling admiration for their success. When Willie sent him some money late in life, J.B.Y. said, "It was like a Yeats to have sent the money; it was like a Pollexfen to have it to send." The Pollexfens, on the other hand, thought of Willie as pure Yeats—even "hated him," according to his father.

And so J.B.Y. rescued his elder son from the Sligo branch and, leaving the rest of the family behind in Ireland, set up bachelor quarters for several months with the eleven-year-old boy in London, instructing him himself. But in the end the family came over to England, and Willie went to school. Jack—in effect, abandoned in Sligo—had no schooling to speak of, and the money that was to have gone for the schooling of Lily and Lollie went for old debts. In this indifference to school, J.B.Y. may have been consistent, but he seems scarcely to have realized the damage he did to his daughters, who, unable to move freely in the world, lacked the social context that school

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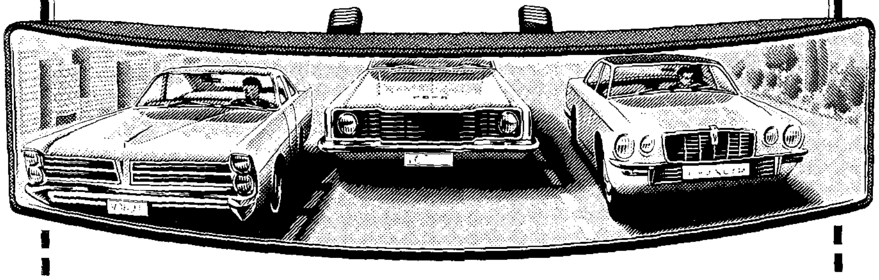

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might have provided, and lacked the money to appear in society, where they might have found husbands. Both girls remained unmarried, comparatively poor, forced to work to earn money, and burdened with the presence of their insane and feeble mother till her death, in 1900, when they were in their early thirties. J.B.Y., in a typically self-exculpating memoir, sent to his patron and friend the American John Quinn, recounted the family misfortunes in terms of his own "pain and humiliation":

> I had the pain and humiliation of seeing Lily and Lollie hard at work to keep the house—Lily all day with that she-cat May Morris, saving her 15/s a week and bringing it home to keep *my* house; Lollie also hard at work lecturing and teaching—these young girls cut off from the pleasant life that belonged to their station, without girl friends or men friends—and all my fault. And there behind all was my poor wife. *I knew perfectly well* that it was this terrible struggle with *want of means that had upset her* mind.—You may say I had Willie's success and growing fame to comfort me. Yes, but I had not his respect. How could I have it? I had not my own.

At the time of which this memoir speaks, J.B.Y. was forty-seven—in relative youth for a man of his constitution. Yet he had totally abandoned any thought of supporting his dependents. A gentleman did not work; he lived on his rents. When the rents were gone, he turned not to his profession but to his daughters. It is a chilling logic.

A reader might respond more warmly to this feckless man if he had been a painter of notable genius. The weakest part of the biography lies in its treatment of J.B.Y. as a painter: encomiums are quoted, but they come suspiciously often from prejudiced sources, eager to defend a native Irish art. One suspects that J.B.Y. does not rank very high as an artist, whether as a portrait painter or as a member of the pantheon of the early modern period. His paintings are agreeable and somewhat indistinct. (He was interested only in faces, and gave hands and clothes short shrift.) The sketches, many of which are reproduced in the biography, reveal a persistent wish to make the subjects more beautiful than they are. His wife's rather snoutish face is refined into more plausible forms; the boys and girls are conventionalized—the girls almost Gibsonized. The weakness of J.B.Y.'s will is not absent from his art. That weakness was the source of W.B.Y.'s contempt, which issued only in moments of real anger or irritability, as in a late letter to Quinn:

> It is this infirmity of will which has prevented him from finishing his pictures and ruined his career. He even hates the sign of will in others. It used to cause quarrels between me and him, for the qualities which I thought necessary to success in art or in life seemed to him "egotism" or "selfishness" or "brutality." I had to escape this family drifting, innocent and helpless, and the need for that drew me to dominating men like Henley and Morris and estranged me from his friends, even from sympathetic unique York Powell. I find even from letters written in the last few months that he has not quite forgiven me.

We may be annoyed that in such a letter W.B.Y., for all his self-defense, has swallowed his father's appraisal of himself as an idealistic artist—unselfish, unbrutal, unegotistical, helpless, innocent, drifting—and of Willie as the ruthless, driving, willful self-seeking principle. While it remains entirely true that Willie let his genius dictate his life arrangements, his father's doings might seem no less ruthless and self-serving. J.B.Y. did not mind poverty at all, and was quite happy in his New York studio, taking his meals at a boarding house run by the Petitpas sisters, talking interminably with his young painter friends John Sloan and Robert Henri, living on a dole from John Quinn (a dole indirectly provided by Willie, who sold manuscripts piecemeal to Quinn to support his father), taking long walks, and dabbling at his self-portrait, insulated by the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean from all those who might legitimately criticize him, thriving on his lionization by a bevy of American ladies, writing his wonderfully readable letters, giving occasional lectures, and rejoicing in his reputation as the best talker in New York. It is so rare to read the life of a happy man that one is almost willing to forgive him the selfishness that made possible the happiness. His nicest child, Lily, who remained adoringly fond of him, took that view: "He never does decide anything, just leaves things to fate and chance, and is always hopeful and generally happy."

It is less easy to be generous, however, when one contemplates the fate of the Yeats women. The boys made out well enough: Jack lived, happily married, rather out of touch with the rest of the family, and made a successful career as a painter of Irish genre scenes done in expressionistic techniques; Willie, lucky in finding the patronage of Lady Gregory, escaped financial worries and embarked on his energetic writing of essays, plays, speeches, and poems, engaging in tireless self-publicity and in the tireless revision toward perfection of every piece he wrote. If the girls had been boys, they might perhaps have found their way, too. Certainly the boys were never expected to keep house and tend to their paralyzed mother. One daughter, Lollie, appears throughout the biography in a ghastly way—becoming more paranoid as she grows older, and, after a rather grotesque disappointment in love, having a real breakdown, which manifested the Pollexfen slide toward insanity. (The family's history appears to have been riddled with confinement in mental institutions.) However, she pulled out of the worst of her paranoia, and remained only suspicious and quarrelsome, making the life of everyone around her miserable. The unsung heroine of the family history is Lily, who was the sane principle mediating among the insane and the selfish and the high-strung people around her. Lily had not the slightest degree of blandness in her. If all her letters are as well written as the ones Murphy quotes, they might rank with her father's. After seeing a certain Mrs. Green, whose mother was said to have declined a proposal from J.B.Y.'s father, Lily wrote to J.B.Y., "Every time I see her with her red eye like a very old mastiff the more glad I am that her mother said 'no' to your father. You might have had that eye. Worse still, I might have had that eye. Think of us, each side of the fire, looking at each other with our ruby eyes, and our little chins running away with our necks." A notable novelist was lost in Lily. Or a notable historian, with a satiric eye, as her comments on Constance Gore-Booth Markievicz and other revolutionaries reveal:

> What a pity Madam Markeviecz's [*sic*] madness changed its form when she inherited it. In her father it meant looking for the North Pole in an open boat, very cooling for him and safe for others. Her followers are said to have been either small boys or drunken dock workers out of work, called the Citizens Army. I don't think any others could have followed her. I would not have followed her across a road. I often heard the older Pearse speak at his school prize days and such things. I thought he was a dreamer and sentimentalist. MacDonagh was clever and hard and full of self-conceit. He was I think a spoilt priest.

In these lines, Lily shows herself W.B.Y.'s sister, ready to see a canonized martyr of the revolution as "a drunken, vainglorious lout." W.B.Y. once remarked, according to Murphy,

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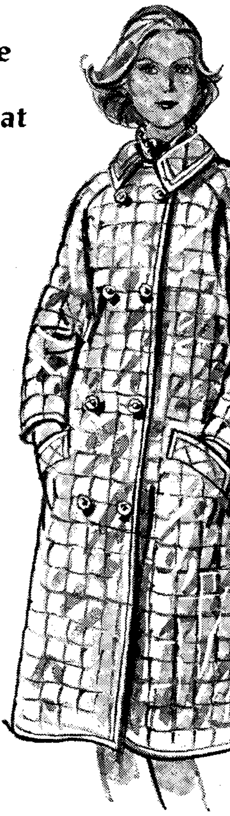

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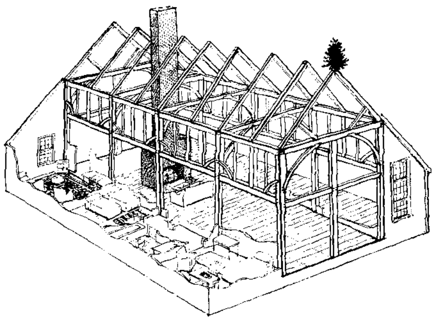
that "the failure of Constance Markievicz to die or be executed in the Easter Rising spoiled the symmetry of the martyrdom and rendered her unfit as the subject of a poem." Lily shared W.B.Y.'s lack of respect for the conventional pieties. At the same time, she was capable of gravity, love, and sternness, seen most seriously in her dignified letter to the man whom Lollie vainly yearned after, Louis Purser. Purser never married, and was probably incapable of marriage. It is doubtful whether Lily or Lollie had any notion of sexual incapacity or invalidating sexual preference, which might have accounted for Purser's behavior—frequenting the house, paying attention to Lollie, sending her his "love" in letters, and yet never coming to the point the sisters expected. Lily finally wrote to him. It is a letter one cannot forget, and is one of the many items that make Murphy's pages read like an enthralling family novel:

> [Lollie] is better and at work again. I gave her your "love" that you sent. I think it must be as clear to you as to me that she gave hers to you in a real and serious sense more than seven years ago. The barrier that has arisen neither *she* nor I understand. It is yours, not hers. If it is removable remove it, if not leave things as they are. The little she sees and the little she hears from you is a pleasure to her, but it makes her most miserable and has spoilt years of her life, taking hope and colours out of everything.

The letter continues in the same powerful vein, and ends, "Take this as I have written it. You *must* understand. You do know." Lily's natural cadences never erred, but in this case they produced no effect. Lollie continued into breakdown, then out of it. The sisters together founded and ran the Dun Emer (later Cuala) Press, which put out many beautiful hand-set small volumes of poetry and prose; Murphy describes the pinching and scraping and worrying and quarrelling that went into the daily efforts to keep the press alive, with the brunt of the work falling on Lily, to whom everyone—especially J.B.Y. and W.B.Y.—wrote to complain, and on whom Lollie spent her paranoid fits of gloom and accusation. Just before Lily's forty-fifth birthday, a young cousin whom she loved married. Lily was prompted to a reflection on the deprivations of her own life, writing to her father:

> I have a birthday this week and have been thinking back and come to the conclusion that the mistake with my life has been that I have not had a woman's life but an uncomfortable, unsatisfying mixture of a man's and a woman's, gone out all day earning my living, working like



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> a man for a woman's pay, then kept house, the most difficult housekeeping on nothing certain a year, brought up Ruth [the bride], saw to Hilda [another cousin], education, clothes and holidays, tried to see that Maria [a servant] did her share of work and did not leave it all to Rose, and yet kept peace in the house—*and above all never lived at home* except when ill. Next incarnation I hope I will be all woman and have a woman's life.

Lily's indubitable gifts and the miserable shape her life assumed only emphasize the cost to his family of J.B.Y.'s pursuit of a talent that has found no great place in the history of modern art. His insistence on the freedom of the individual—on which he rings changes throughout his long life—begins to seem a rather hollow boast: his way of life allowed no "individual freedom" for his neglected wife, his confined daughters.

A CONTEMPORARY reader might take with more than a grain of salt Murphy's account of J.B.Y.'s devastating charm. Those who knew him best were least susceptible to it, in the long run. On the other hand, those who knew him outside the domestic circle returned for more and more of his fluent, witty, tolerant, and discursive talk; and those who were not his sons in reality became willing sons-in-attendance in his New York years, when he was surrounded by young men, painters and writers alike, who benefitted from his delighted interest in them and their families. The New York adventure was an idyll, in spite of financial anxiety and, in the last years, recurrent illness. It had a utopian quality: everything that spelled reality—Dublin streets, Dublin bill collectors, Dublin relatives—vanished into the transatlantic distance, to be replaced by the custodial care of the Petitpas sisters, by John Quinn's reliable financial backing, and by hospitable American ladies and gentlemen who extended invitations to country houses and clubs. Since the last period of J.B.Y.'s life is the best documented—chiefly in his own letters and those of John Quinn—we can sense through Murphy's circumstantial narrative the dimensions of indolence, waywardness, childlikeness, and leisure which J.B.Y. then gave to his days, ornamenting them with his conversations with Henri, Sloan, Van Wyck Brooks, Alan Seeger, Conrad Aiken (who was to call J.B.Y. "the leat great Yeat"), and others. Cares and worries arrived chiefly through the mail, from J.B.Y.'s children, and they disturbed his peace very little. His re-

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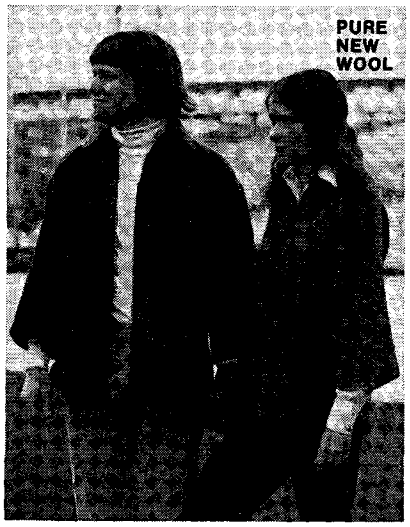
turn letters are always (if Murphy's quotations are representative) more inclined to the philosophical than to the quotidian. In fact, it was on the question of the quotidian that he parted company with modernist aesthetic practice—notably with that of Pound, whom he criticized for embodying in poetry "the surface life":

> By broken meanings and broken music and plentiful use of the ellipse he gives a portentous importance and menacing significance to all the trivialities of the surface life. . . . Among those who cannot live the surface life I would count *all* poets, Ezra Pound for instance. Yet their *effort to live this life shuts them out of the world of dream and desire.*

To the end, J.B.Y. maintained that there was a "world of dream and desire" in which it was preferable to live, and that "the surface life" led only to "nausea and a sense of its vacancy and futility." This disjunction of spirit and flesh, so to speak, gives rise to the fatal weakness of his theories of art and, it may be, to the lack of daring in his painting. He saw that his young acquaintances who were painters admired the Armory Show of 1913; he himself found Matisse "an artistic humbug" and the Cubists "damnable." It is in the running encounters with his son over poetry that we see the narrower view of the father—however influential in W.B.Y.'s youth—finally being outstripped in boldness and profundity by the ampler poetic of the son. Murphy gives us the most detailed account we possess of the relation between the two men. He is conspicuously sympathetic to the father, and rather coldly gives the son his due, describing the consistent self-deprivation by which W.B.Y., even in his least affluent days, supported his father. The feelings on both sides became thorny; and yet J.B.Y. had always recognized and, in his own way, fostered the genius of his elder son. In him, J.B.Y. saw his own gift for words conjoin with the Pollexfen imagination, and, to his credit, knew that that imagination reached depths his own, more facile mind had never encountered. "I have given a voice to the sea-cliffs," he said in a poetic moment, but the Pollexfen imagination embraced more than sea-cliffs; it included the strain of melancholia and hypochondria which pervaded the Sligo branch of the family. That world of dream and desire recommended by the father had no commerce with the wilder or more transcendent visionary world of the Pollexfens—a world inhabited even by Lily, who calmly retold her occasional



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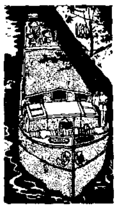

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instances of second sight. J.B.Y. knew nature (in its kinder moments) and portraiture (rarely caricature) as well as dream and desire; what he did not know were hatred, sublimity, sensuality, and vision.

His son was to make poetry out of all that J.B.Y. lacked. It was probably to Willie's advantage to be brought up in a house that despised headmasters (who "interest themselves in the head boys and remember the others only when they break the rules," J.B.Y. said, smarting over a headmaster's view that Willie was "amiable but hopeless"). It was a house in which J.B.Y. taught "the sovereignty of intellect and of the spirit" (producing a son who learned nothing of the flesh until he was twenty-nine), and in which he exalted drama above lyric (producing his son's lifetime pining after dramatic writing). J.B.Y.'s cheerful and freethinking nature could never comprehend a mind that thought that everything possible to be believed was an image of the truth. "I don't know where Willie is," says a letter written when W.B.Y. was over thirty, "or what he is doing. The last I heard was that he and Russell [Æ] had gone west (Sligo or thereabouts) to find a new God." Originality of an eccentric or disturbing sort was, as Murphy acutely notes, repellent to J.B.Y.:

> John Butler Yeats was the eclectic, the absorber, the artist who sought to take the ideas and expressions of others, whether original or not, and make of them something individual and special; in their rearrangement lay whatever originality appealed to him.

Yet J.B.Y. relished his son's work, praised Joyce and Synge, and was never indifferent to style. What he could not grasp was the notion of an art that found its coherence in subjectivity rather than in portraiture: "As to Willie's theories, there is not one of Shakespeare's dramas that does not reduce them to utter mockery." Willie's retort—that his work was the drama not of character but of mood—fell on deaf ears. J.B.Y. was equally critical of any inclusion in art of "the ugly and the disinherited": "You are not a Caliban publishing a volume of decadent verse." He hated Willie's weakness for mysticism, not understanding that it was a vehicle of transport into the world of those truths of the imagination dismissed by his own brisk rationalism. He was hurt by Willie's portrait of him in "Reveries Over Childhood and Youth" (1914). Murphy says, somewhat priggishly, that "the volume lacks even a single expression of love or grat-

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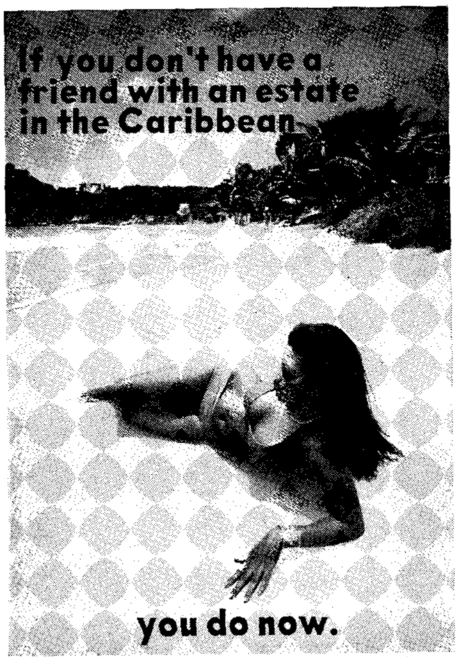
itude from a son on whom the father had lavished such care and affection and energy." That is to put the case rather sentimentally. The father might well have lavished a little more prudence and wage-earning and more comprehension of his son's very different imaginative slant. It is scarcely surprising that when J.B.Y. wrote a play (of which nothing but a plot summary and a few lines remain) W.B.Y., after five months' silence, and only in response to his father's badgering, finally uttered a critical remark: "It is the least good of all your writings. . . . You are a most accomplished critic, and I believe your autobiography will be very good, and this is enough for one man. It takes a lifetime to master dramatic form." Murphy resents the son's discreet truth-telling: "It was a cruel and quite unnecessary criticism. . . . Nothing was to be gained by damning [the play], and much to be lost in an old man's happiness by not praising it. Even Quinn, Russell, and Susan Mitchell spoke well of it, whatever their private feelings might have been. . . . What purpose is served by telling a homely woman she is homely?" This form of biographical commentary raises more problems than can easily be dealt with here, but one can object to an ethics that would have such an artist as Yeats pretend to an approval that he did not feel, in a relation that had allowed frankness in earlier exchanges. "Niceness" is certainly not the last value in familial relations, and both J.B.Y. and W.B.Y. were above such bourgeois inhibition in discourse. J.B.Y. was quite willing to write to Lily in harsh terms about her brother: "Willie I know has a curious idea that he is an extraordinarily wise person, and that I and everybody else are puppets to be moved about hither and thither as his wisdom directs. . . . Where did Willie get this idea that he is wiser than any one else—from Lady Gregory?"

In fact, the enormous attractiveness of this biography lies in the quite extraordinary freedom of self-expression displayed by most of the dramatis personae, whose letters and conversations lend credence to the popular belief that the Irish (by which is always meant the educated Irish, not the silent serfs) write and speak with an extravagance elsewhere unknown. The positive virulence of the tales associated with the Abbey Theatre, the testy impatience with which everyone concerned writes of Lady Gregory, the desperate candor of Lollie's diary, the satire of any number of fiery antagonists, even the mutual abrasiveness of people extremely fond of each other—all are here on view in an animation of language and thought which reinforces the legend of the vivacity of early modern Dublin and its society. Even John Quinn, lawyer and patron of the arts, is capable of a remarkable flight of fancy when he conceives the life of J.B.Y. as it might have been written by Henry James. It would have been called "The Return Deferred," and one name for J.B.Y. would have been "The Play-Boy of New York." It would treat J.B.Y.'s "long vista of freedom from family cares, freedom from home ties, freedom to gamble and talk and be entertained and be amused and to write letters and to talk and talk and talk, and to be invited out and never have a worry about troubles of any kind." Murphy does not entirely accept Quinn's scenario, in which the novel is "a triumphant indication of the philosophy of the ego, of the victory of the man who regards only himself . . . the youth of eighty without a care, with never a thought of his family or of his friends, with eternal self-indulgence." Murphy believes, rather, in J.B.Y.'s self-diagnosis—that he was afflicted by a paralysis of the will.

Perhaps this biography will lead to the publication of a larger selection of J.B.Y.'s letters than we possess. (Two small Cuala Press volumes have been reprinted; a selection from the letters to W.B.Y. and others published by Dutton in 1946, and now out of print, offers pages of brilliant rambling theory, slapdash critiques of character, memorable anecdotes, and epigrammatic wit.) J.B.Y. is more alive in his letters than he could be in any biography. Less than a month before he died, he was still sparring in memory with his in-laws: "You remember how grave under all circumstances was G. T. Pollexfen. I bet that the gentle Shakespeare was not remarkable for his gravity, and I think that in his plays, he is maliciously always on the watch for grave people as if he did not like them." In his mischievous lifelong war against grave people, J.B.Y. was occasionally bested—notably by his distinguished son. It sometimes seems, as one reads this exceptionally full biography, as though father and son represented two eternal types, orbiting like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, linked in mutual need and mutual criticism, and forever incomprehensible each to the other. The son's faeryland was at first elegiac and later demonic; the father's was eternally comic, optimistic, Dickensian. Perhaps the most unexpected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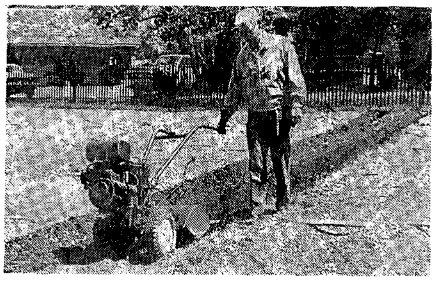

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definition of the realm of art which one could ever hope to find comes in J.B.Y.'s incomparable description of a cartoon that for him represents the "fairyland" natural to poetry and wonderfully beyond the dreariness of actuality:

> Leech drew all his notions from fairyland. . . . The fond mother who in one of his drawings assembled all the servants, the pompous butler, the footman, the page, the pert chambermaid, and the cook with her substantial waist, all with cans of water, which they dashed up against the shut door of a bed-room, because her middy son could not sleep without the noise of the waves; she herself standing over them directing everything in her huge crinoline pushed up by her exertions, showing the drawers that came down well over the boot in the fashion of the time: all impossible except in fairyland.

The father lived for society, the son for solitude. When the father defined the solitude necessary for the artist, he said it was the solitude a man finds "when he stands full length before a looking-glass." The son saw no fleshly image but heard a ghostly dialogue of self and soul. The father's final, unfinished, eleven-year self-portrait, "a long revel," shows him full-length, looking at himself in a looking glass with the same alert, shrewd, but vaguely bemused glance with which for eighty-two years he gazed on life. The son's last poem presents a hopeless and starving vigil in a besieged tower held in loyalty to a dead king who will never rescue his troops. It is no wonder that this biography, insofar as it retells the long agon between a gifted father and a son of genius, can show only a standstill, and reiterate once more the tragicomic spectacle of family life.

—HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WAR AND REMEMBRANCE, by Herman Wouk (Little, Brown; $15). A huge novel that seems to last as long as its subject, the Second World War. Mr. Wouk takes us almost everywhere, but his main themes are the murder of European Jewry and the great deeds of the American Navy in the Pacific. For the former, Wouk has chosen an implausible device—he has invented a remarkably dim-witted American woman, resident in Italy, who, after Pearl Harbor, does not appear before the appropriate authorities for repatriation but hangs around Europe and winds up in Auschwitz. In any case, the portrayal of women

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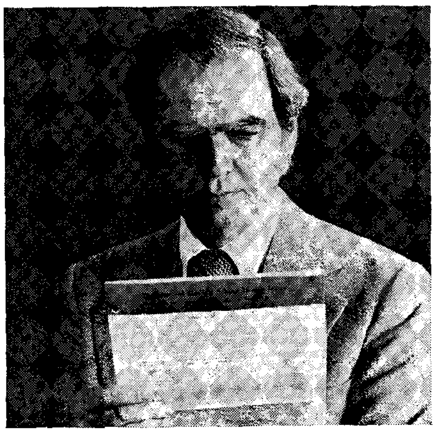

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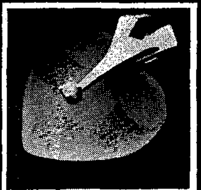

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and their relationships with men is not Wouk's strong point. What he is good at are action and men in action, strategy and tactics. He does a fine job on the Battle of Midway, and leaves the reader in no doubt that that American victory was as crucial to the outcome of the war as the Battle of Stalingrad. A Literary Guild selection.

THE FOLLOWED MAN, by Thomas Williams (Marek; $10.95). Luke Carr, a middle-aged New England magazine writer, is confronted and then followed by death, disaster, despair. First, his beloved wife and their two young children are killed in an airplane crash. Struggling to adjust to that blow, he finds himself assigned to do a piece on the collapse of a new Manhattan skyscraper—to interview the survivors and the widows of the dead. He tries, quits, and withdraws to an old family farm in the hills of New Hampshire to build a refuge. But the spectre of death in life continues to pursue him—a series of threatening anonymous letters, a bullying police chief, a suicidal girl, a death-wish professor, a beaten dog. This is a frightening book—a death's-head view of our mean and slovenly time—but also one that is full of beauty: the glory of the remote New Hampshire countryside, the abiding joys of a life close to nature, the satisfaction of work and workmanship.

NOTE: "Secrets and Surprises," a collection of short stories by Ann Beattie, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House ($8.95).

GENERAL

BEARINGS: A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT'S LIFE BEHIND THE LINES, by Edward Behr (Viking; $12.50). Evelyn Waugh's "Scoop," the author tells us, is "the best book ever written about the press and the only one to capture the quintessential absurdity of our calling." In so saying, Mr. Behr, who was born in France (in 1926) and raised in England, plainly dissociates himself from his more pompous colleagues, and his memoirs—of covering wars and the intervals between wars in India, Africa, Algeria, Czechoslovakia, China, Vietnam, France, and elsewhere for Reuters, *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and others—fully document his views. There is, for example, the *Life* bureau head assembling his staff in Paris and barking at the Geneva

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correspondent, "Do you speak Swiss?" And there is the British television reporter striding through a crowd in Léopoldville and calling out, "Anyone here been raped and speaks English?" It should be added that Mr. Behr does not find fun in the unfunny; he simply sees a kind of total foolishness everywhere. A delightful book.

LAUREN BACALL BY MYSELF (Knopf; $10.95). Lauren Bacall invented "The Look"—chin down and eyes up—in her first picture to keep her head from shaking with fright. She never did overcome her stagefright (it was still with her when she opened on Broadway in "Applause," in 1970), yet she never wanted to be anything but an actress. She was still a teen-ager when she began to pester George S. Kaufman for parts in his plays; while waiting, she made ends meet by modelling for Diana Vreeland, among others, and it was her appearances in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1943 that caught Hollywood's eye. Within weeks, she was off to California and doing the movies that made her a star; marriage to Humphrey Bogart soon followed. Motherhood and Hollywood's night life delighted Mrs. Bogart, and she was content to let her career slide. The title of her autobiography suggests a dauntless independence, but Lauren Bacall has acquired this quality only recently, after a series of personal catastrophes that began with Bogart's death, in 1957. Unfortunately, she runs into a problem common to inexperienced writers who have a big story to tell—her native high spirits are smothered under heart-numbing hyperbole. A Literary Guild selection.

STEVE BIKO: BLACK CONSCIOUSNESS IN SOUTH AFRICA, edited by Millard Arnold (Random House; $12.95). This is the record of five days' testimony given by Mr. Biko in May, 1976, at a trial of nine black South Africans under that country's catch-all law against "terrorism." Biko hoped to assist the defense by explaining the nature and aims of organizations he had helped found (to which these men belonged), in order to demonstrate that their programs did not contravene the law. Interrogated by the defense attorney and cross-examined by the prosecutor, Biko recalled the history of his "black-consciousness" movement and described the political and economic structure that he and his colleagues would have liked to

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—ALAN CHEUSE, *New Republic* $9.95

The Hydra Head
Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden
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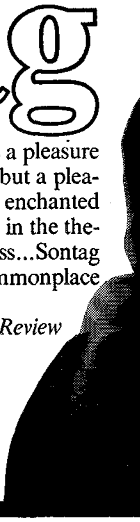

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—MAUREEN HOWARD, *Saturday Review*
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see in the Republic of South Africa. His ideas are not above criticism, but neither are they, as South African officials often allege, Communist; they are simply an effort to adapt traditional African forms to a technologically modern society. We have no idea whether these concepts would have remained Biko's final word; after all, he was only thirty. Unfortunately, he died the following year of injuries inflicted by police interrogators while he was in detention.

WOMAN OF LETTERS: A LIFE OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, by Phyllis Rose (Oxford; $12.95). This crisp, intelligent short life offers the kind of critical understanding one feels that the subject would have appreciated. Virginia Woolf was a writer whose innovations were taken for granted for a while but are now once again being seen in their correct perspective, as bold, modern work. She was also, the author believes, an embattled personality, struggling to assert the value of a woman's abilities in a corner of the English world that belittled women. And there is the further complication that Mrs. Woolf's genius was closely allied to her madness. Phyllis Rose, without any offensive clinical presumptuousness, is crystalline about the relationship between Virginia Woolf's sexuality, her work, and her breakdowns. The book is a perfect preface for a new generation of Woolf readers.

NOTE: "Mountain Passages," a collection of pieces by Jeremy Bernstein recounting some of his high-altitude adventures from Mont Blanc to Islamabad, has been published by the University of Nebraska Press ($12.50). Much of the contents originally appeared in this magazine.

•

Mayor Richard Carje remembers spending his first month in office last winter finding ways to keep the city operating in the face of heavy snow falls and "total non-preparation."

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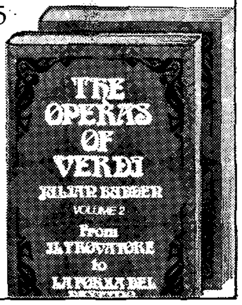

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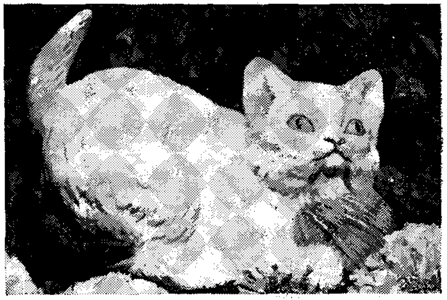

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